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Saturday Review

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Marlboro Lights	12	0.8	Vantage Menthol	11	0.8
Merit	8	0.6	Winston Lights	13	0.9
Merit Menthol	8	0.6			

Of all brands, lowest...
Carlton Box: less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
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Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than 0.5	0.05

Carlton is lowest.

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Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

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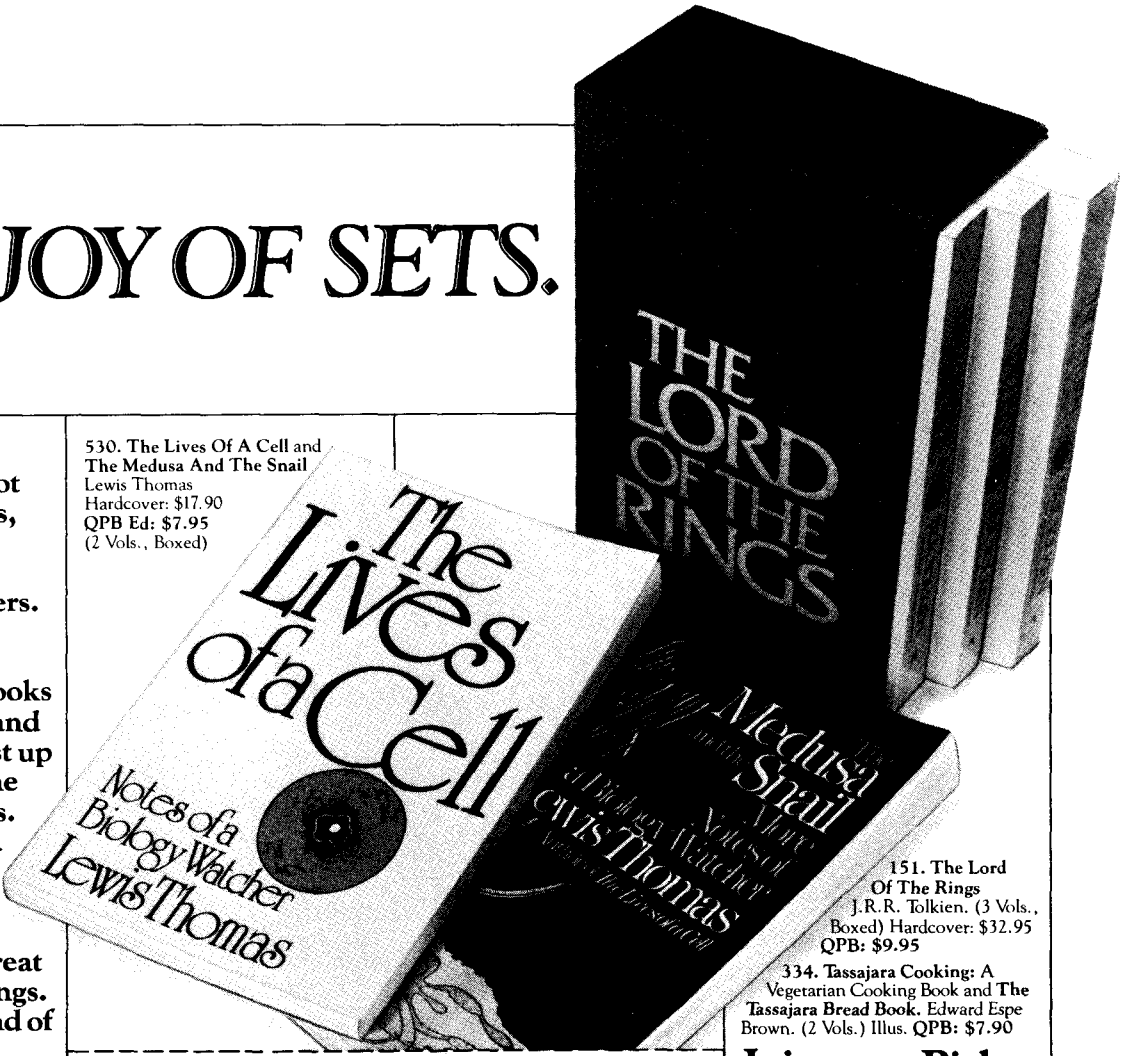

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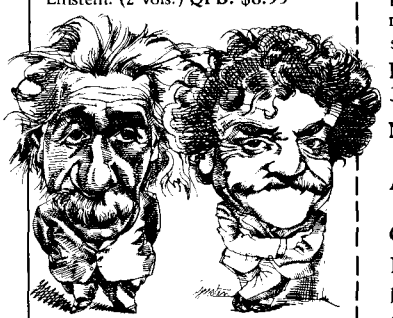

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CONTENTS SEPTEMBER 15, 1979

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4 Letters

6 Front Runners

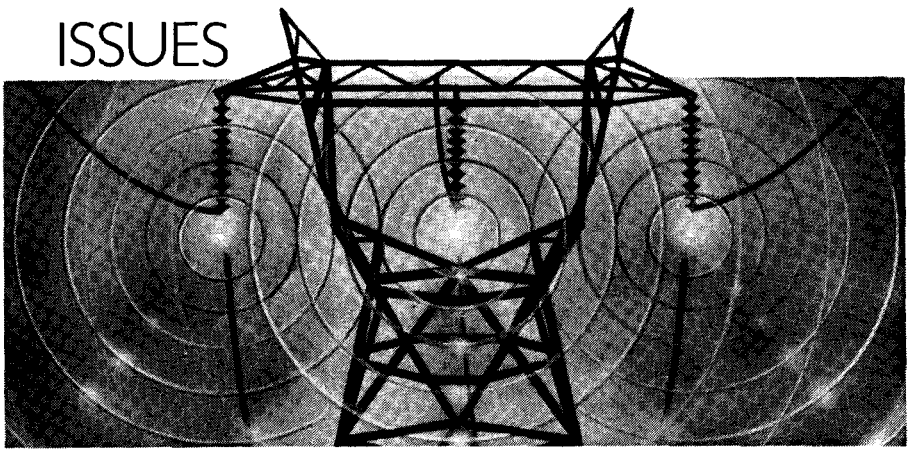
8 Editorial by N.C. *The games nations play*

10 Notes From the Blue Coast by Anthony Burgess *Funereal in Berlin*

12 Washington by Leonard Reed *Legislation for a world in tumult*

56 The Back Door by Carll Tucker *Self defense*

ISSUES



16 The Invisible Threat: The Stifled Story of Electric Waves
by Susan Schiefelbein *Microwave radiation may not cause cancer, cataracts, and severe psychological problems; but as long as government and industry try to squelch research into possible hazards, we'll never find out*

21 Breaking the Bank: The Community Reinvestment Act
by Michael Massing *Bankers go where the profit is, even if it's a long way from home; now a new federal law may force them to satisfy local needs*

PLEASURES

26 Fall Forecast *For lovers of the arts and letters, fall is the best of times. In these pages, five observers of the cultural scene discuss the causes behind what we'll be seeing in the months ahead—who, or what, is responsible for what's coming up in movies, television, publishing, museums, and fashion. With articles by Stephen Harvey, Karl Meyer, Walter Arnold, Owen Edwards, and James Brady*

35 Books Ted Morgan on Tom Wolfe and his cold warrior astronauts, Peter Forbath takes a ride on Edward Hoagland's Sudanese calliope

40 Books in Brief

48 Booked for Travel by Horace Sutton
I'm just wild (and confused) about Harry

Puzzles: Double-Crostic No. 179 (page 55);
Wit Twister No. 150 (page 54); Literary Crypt No. 138 (page 54);
Saturday Review Competition No. 1 (page 5)
Cover: Alan Hashimoto
Cartoonists: Clarence Brown, Jim Carson, Chon Day, James I. Giddings, Robert Mankoff, Ib Ohlsson, Mario F. Risso

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LETTERS

A Steely Response

It seems that no analysis of the woes of the United States economy by an academic economist is complete these days without a ritual condemnation of the American steel industry. That observation applies to MIT Professor Lester Thurow, author of "Where Did We Go Wrong?" [July 7].

According to Dr. Thurow, the basic steel industry has become technologically backward, taking the lazy man's way of "adopting someone else's technology" instead of developing our own. He says we have no interest in "meeting the competitive challenge" or "junking" our "obsolete technology," but merely "complain about unfair competition and run to the government for protection."

It's true that American steelmakers don't hesitate to utilize superior technology from abroad, just as foreign steel companies use United States technology in their operations. Indeed, for many years the fast-growing Japanese steel industry used imported technology almost exclusively, and much of it came from the United States.

As chairman of a company that has been assiduously replacing and modernizing our facilities (over a billion dollars' worth within the past few years; about $250 million in major new projects announced this year), I feel that such views are not accurate. Capital spending for the entire basic steel industry has averaged $2.8 billion a year for the past five years (a billion dollars a year more than the industry's average net income over the same period), spending intended to meet "the competitive challenge."

As for "running to the government for protection," I suspect Dr. Thurow would do the same if he were being mugged, and he'd be justified in doing so. Our complaints about "unfair competition" (dumping, for example) have been upheld by our federal government. And even at that, our domestic marketplace remains one of the world's most accessible to foreign competitors.

It is true that the domestic steel industry has had its share of problems. Troubles such as jawboning on prices and excessive regulation have been caused by certain government policies. But there's a strong basis for confidence that, just as the United States is going to remain one of the world's leading steel *users*, it's going to remain one of the world's leading *producers*.

Lewis W. Foy
Chairman, Bethlehem Steel Corp.
Chairman, American Iron and Steel Institute

"And try to cut your smoking in half.... "

An American Scenario

Jonathan Maslow's "Beer Wars" [July 7] is not only as precise and truly American a scenario as Dos Passos might paint, but a fitting finish to your main theme of "Embattled America." Beer today is NOT beer. From the Fifties to the Seventies, beer and America have taken a corporate dive to greed, production folderol, and corner-cutting along with an overdose of Madison Avenue lexicon.

The big question facing us all is whether one will be drinking Miller or Anheuser-Busch, sitting on the sidelines, as America sinks into further greedy chaos or anarchy.

G. P. McNally
San Francisco, California

John Mariani's article "Does America Make the Best of Anything Anymore?" [July 7] gives the impression that the Panaflex camera has no competitors. While it is true that most cinematographers, myself included, would agree that its superb materials and workmanship make the Panaflex the best machine available at the moment, its overall layout is old-fashioned and slow-working. The same Arriflex company that has been making the little hand-held camera for over 40 years now has a radically new design, their model 35 BL, to compete with the Panaflex. The 35 BL is more compact and convenient than the Panaflex, but it is plagued with severe noise and reliability problems. If the Germans ever get their 35 BL working right, the Panaflex will have extremely stiff competition.

John Sprung
Director of Photography
Anatar/Mesa Films
Hollywood, California

In his article "Does America Make the Best of Anything Anymore?" [July 7] John Mariani neglected to mention the one commodity this nation produces that stands head and shoulders above the rest of the world: food. Without agricultural exports as the one bright spot in our balance-of-payments picture, our economy wouldn't just be in trouble, it would collapse.

The very fact that food and agricultural technology were not mentioned in the article proves the point—we have such a reliable, affordable food supply that we take for granted the one product that sustains life. Only someone with a full stomach can afford the luxury of worrying about who makes the best cameras and racing cars.

Robert Rice
Carmel, California

A Burning Issue

Stephen Arons's article "Book Burning in the Heartland" [July 21] is disturbing, to say the least, as we may be sure it was meant to be.

It is most unfortunate that the recent hysteria in Warsaw, Indiana, was, if not triggered, at least much aggravated, by the fighting word "censorship," a word that need never have entered into the conflict. If a teacher prescribes three books out of a list of 10 for a course in literature, does that mean that he is censoring the other seven? Of course not! Not every school classroom or library can contain a collection of books to match that of the Library of Congress or the British Museum: A choice of titles has to be made. The important thing is that the choice be consistent with local values and be made by the properly constituted local authority. Controversy about particular titles might then be or-

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derly and not a shouting match or a witch hunt.

Huntington Brown
Moretown, Vermont

I absolutely could not believe Stephen Arons's article "Book Burning in the Heartland" [July 21]. It is like *Farenheit 451* come to life. The banning of many great classics, the silencing of the school newspaper (I am co-editor of my school's paper), the searching of lockers, and a two-way intercom used for surveillance of teachers outrage me! What are these people so afraid of? Do they think reading these great classics will bring sin and corruption down upon their heads? I am glad that I am able to say something for those students and I wish I could do something more.

Marie Hoxie
Windsor, New York

It is interesting to note that it was a Warsaw high-school teacher (Mildred Fielding) who in 1889 encouraged and paid for the enrollment of Theodore Dreiser in Indiana University, telling him to take courses that would make him think.

Stifling of the thinking process may go on in isolated areas of the Hoosier state, but it does not dominate this area which has produced so many authors and people who *can* think.

Frances P. Boyd
Terre Haute, Indiana

Public vs. Private

That's a nifty straw man Nat Hentoff has set up in "Privacy and the Press: Is Nothing Sacred?" [July 21] But his broad characterization of "the press" tarnishes some thoughtful journalists who've wrestled with exactly the problems Hentoff cites.

There *is* a need to sensitize journalism to the conflicting rights of privacy and the free press. But any serious attempt to do so must recognize how often we deal with hazy gray areas.

Take arrest records. Surely no one would suggest that the arrest of hunted suspects—for instance, Patty Hearst—is not legitimately in the public domain. But if notorious suspects are news, by whom and how is the line to be drawn to put *other* arrests beyond the pale? Does Hentoff give no credence to the view that publication of arrests, in many dictatorships, would be a curb on police abuse; that the police power in a democracy ought not be exercised in secret?

Further still, in my state, as in many jurisdictions, arrests may be officially expunged from the record in certain court dismissals or non-prosecutions—expunged *before* they can be noted by the press. I've had citizens ask me to publish the fact that a case against them was officially dropped—to set the record straight for their friends and neighbors—and have been unable to do so because their whole transaction with the law had officially become a non-event. [Mr. Noel is former editor of the *Hartford Times*.]

It isn't that nothing is sacred. It's that often, nothing is as easy as Mr. Hentoff would like.

Don O. Noel, Jr.
Hartford, Connecticut

Saturday Review Competition No. 1

In a recent issue *Saturday Review* printed a cartoon showing three men in the vicinity of a bus stop. Each was reading a magazine designed exclusively for himself: *Waiting for the Bus Magazine*, *Standing Around on the Corner Magazine*, and *Walking to Work Magazine*.

We now learn that there is to be a new publication, *Cigar Magazine*, "designed for and directed at the quality cigar smoker and collector," which proves that reality these days is one jump ahead of parody.

Before it gets *too* far ahead, readers are invited to invent titles for ultra-specialized magazines with a descriptive paragraph (75 words). Twenty-five dollars each to the three best.

Beginning with this issue the *Saturday Review* Competition will appear monthly. Entries for Competition No. 1 must be received by October 2, and the winners will be announced in the November 24 issue. All submissions become the property of *Saturday Review*.

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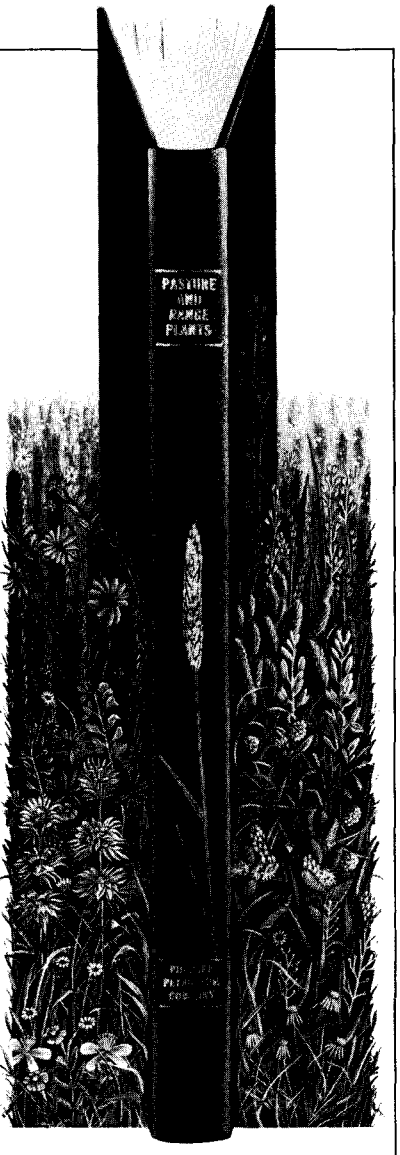

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FRONT RUNNERS

Justice Is Blind

Two Phoenix police officers spot a car "proceeding in a suspicious manner" near a recently robbed service station. When the cops order the car to pull over, it speeds away instead. After a high-speed exchange of gunfire, the car screeches to a halt, three men jump out and begin blazing away at the police. In the ensuing battle, one of the three is killed, the other two arrested. The two men are charged with robbery, felony flight, aggravated assault, *and the first-degree manslaughter of their own accomplice, who was killed by the police.*

The two were charged under Arizona's new "felony-murder" law, an increasingly popular statute that stipulates that "persons causing the death of any person" during the commission of certain felonies, "or in immediate flight from such an offense," may be held liable for first-degree murder. The extraordinary aspect of the Phoenix case is that county prosecutors chose to apply the law even though the police did the actual killing. The case's conclusion seems grimly fitted to its original twisted course: In separate jury trials early this summer, one defendant, Phillip Jewell, was acquitted of the felony-murder charge, while his partner, Richard Jiminez, was convicted on identical evidence, and now faces possible capital punishment.

John Foreman, the public defender who represented Jewell, considers the first-degree murder charge untenable, since both malice and intent must be proved in order to sustain it. "My client was not even armed," he says. "How could he be held responsible for the death of his friend?"

Easy, says county DA Charles Hyder. Under the felony-murder law, "there's a transfer of the intent to commit the crime [Vallejos's death] from the intent to commit the robbery." That is, felons "intend" even unforeseeable consequences of their crime.

Hyder is not wholly original in his interpretation of the statute. A robber in Nebraska was convicted of murder after a store owner pursued him in the opposite direction and fell off a bridge.

Local Boy Makes Good

SELF-PORTRAIT (DETAIL) 1966, COURTESY OF LEO CASTELLI

Andy Warhol has arrived. Sure he was famous before. He painted soup cans. He made interminable movies. He goes to parties where famous people fall down on the floor. But the days of avant-garde cultism have passed, and Andy Warhol's 15-minute era of fame has dawned. This fall Grosset & Dunlap will publish a book of his photographs—in $500 and $100 gold and silver collector's editions. Personal signature, leather bindings, the works. The public at large, meanwhile, will be permitted to thumb through *Exposures* for only $19.95. Can the American Express commercial be far away? (Andy in a grocery store, charging a cartful of Campbell's soup.)

The two-tiered pricing system apparently has something to do with the publisher's view that Warhol combines the virtues of Steichen and Ron Gallela in one camera. Promotional material announces "incredible accounts of famed men and women in negligee" (transvestite party?), while declaring the author, with equal sobriety, to be "among the few undisputed geniuses of our time." Instances of this happy merger of "great art" and "great gossip" include a never-before-published photo of Bianca Jagger shaving her armpits. Exactly which famed men appear in negligee has yet to be revealed.

Shoot the Piano Player

Ayatollah Khomeini probably lost some more friends, if he had any remaining, when he decreed that music was to be banned from Iranian radio and TV. The 79-year-old revolutionary and national super-ego declared that music "stupefies persons listening to it and makes their brains inactive and frivolous." Taking the point one step further, as is his wont, the Ayatollah likened music lovers to drug addicts.

The Ayatollah's rigorous commandment doesn't exactly wash with the First Amendment, of course. But let's face it—the man is right. Anyone who has ever been mesmerized into a subconscious state while waiting for an airline ticket salesman to pick up the phone can testify that music "stupefies persons listening to it." Anyone who has spent 15 minutes gyrating in a disco—or, for that matter, doing the polka in a beer hall—knows that a catchy tune makes the brain "inactive and frivolous." In the television series, *The Prisoner,* chamber music helped pacify the imprisoned community. And Orpheus entranced the beasts of the field with his harp and captivated the dour spirits of the underworld. Music is, indeed, "the opiate of the people."

The entertainment industry is probably too entrenched to make much headway against music in this country. Besides, most of us have been inculcated with such pro-vibes propaganda as "music has charms to soothe a savage breast," and so forth. Weak-fibered nation that we are, little can be expected of us save further degeneration as we bliss out in dentist's chairs and grocery stores across the nation.

Submissions

SR *will pay readers $25 for any clipping or item accepted for use in Front Runners. We regret that we cannot run bylines or return unused submissions. Please send to: Front Runners, Saturday Review, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019*

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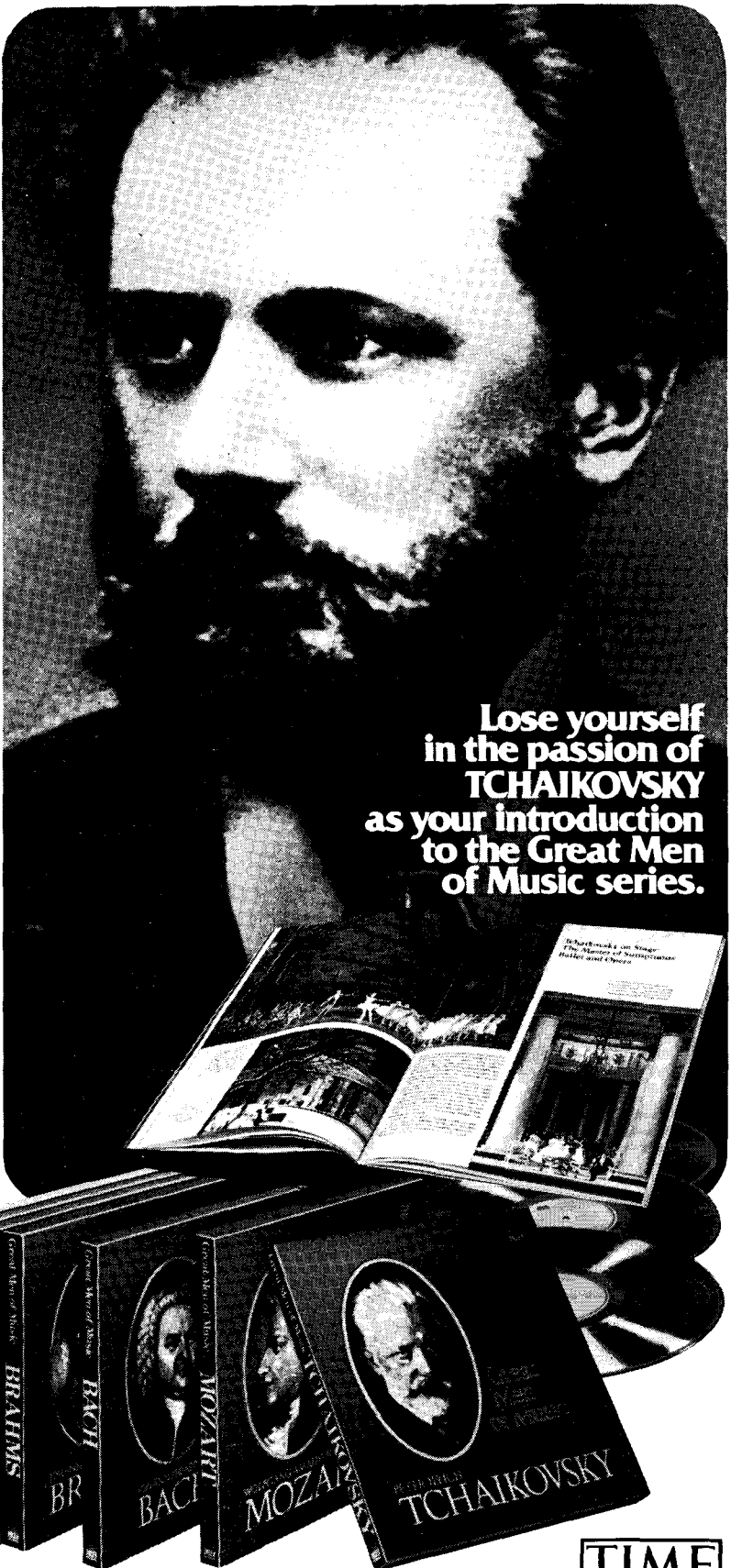
He created some of the world's most passionate music.

Yet he died whispering the name of a woman he had never met.



She was his patroness...his confessor...his "Beloved Friend" in an intimate 14-year correspondence. She was the inspiration for his most romantic works. And yet he shrank from meeting her even when she invited it.

Finally, she withdrew her support from him. Yet years later, on his deathbed, he whispered her name. In gratitude? In love? In anger? The secret died with Tchaikovsky. But the passion that Nadezhda von Meck inspired lives on in some of the most soaringly romantic melody ever penned, as you will discover in TIME-LIFE RECORDS' magnificent four-stereo-record album, *Tchaikovsky—your introduction to the outstanding series* GREAT MEN OF MUSIC.

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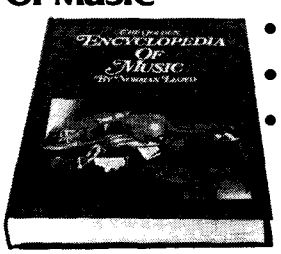

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EDITORIAL

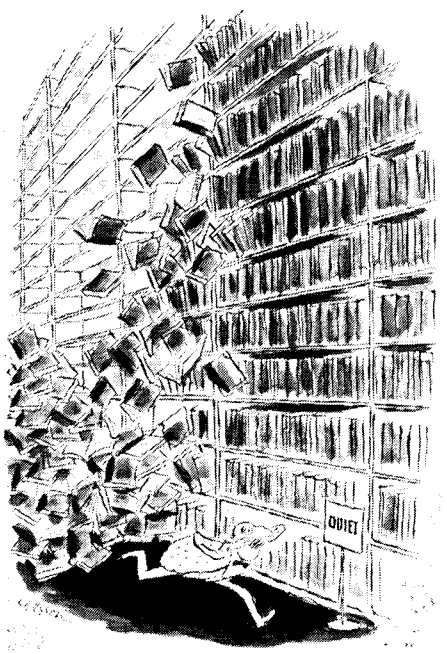
The Games Nations Play

THE DRUMROLL has started again for a military draft. What is in the offing is legislation that not only requires registration for selective service in peace time but sets no limitation on its duration and places it under the control of the military. The inevitable effect, despite all assurances to the contrary, will be to take from Congress the right to declare war and to make possible a repetition of Vietnam.

The most significant characteristic of the Vietnam tragedy was the military's habit of making field decisions that shrank the President's options. President Johnson's efforts to seek a negotiated settlement of the war, for example, were frustrated by bombings of Hanoi and other cities that the military carried out without his authorization.

The argument in favor of restoring the draft, inevitably enough, is that the Russians have at least two million men in uniform and that this disparity is likely to expose the United States to grave dangers. No one says anything about the fact that the vast bulk of the Soviet forces is stationed along the 5,000-mile border the USSR shares with the People's Republic of China.

It will be said, of course, that the Russians won't take our foreign-policy declarations seriously if they see little evidence of our ability and will to fight. This was the argument used to justify the home bomb-shelter program in the early Sixties. It was and is the argument used to justify the building of missiles and super missiles. It was and is the argument used to justify the stockpiling of nuclear explosives that can obliterate every city on earth and make the planet uninhabitable. One would suppose that presiding over a switchboard of total annihilation would relieve us of any feelings of inadequacy. But no; we seem less governed by reality than by the obsession to imitate the Russians.



Is there no escape from the macho madness that is disfiguring American society? When are we going to discover that our true strength and security depend not just on weapons but on our ability to make our society work? When are we going to attach at least as much importance to productivity, creativity, and the imaginative uses of freedom as we do to balance-of-power strategies? When are we going to see the relationship between spending 150 billion military dollars annually and the disastrous conditions of inflation? When are we going to stop supporting three separate military establishments—an army, a navy, and an air force, each with its own heavy overlapping in ordinance, personnel, and intelligence services?

We became entrapped in Vietnam because of the same kind of thinking that is behind the current attempt to restore the draft. At every point along the way, we allowed ourselves to be led along by specious arguments. We convinced ourselves that our most important mission as a nation was to demonstrate our muscle rather than to conform to our history. After the French left Indochina, we were told that the entire area was in danger of being solidified under a unified communist banner—and that we could head off this grim eventuality simply by sending a little military aid. Then we were told that a few American officers were needed to instruct the local people in the utilization of such aid. Finally, we were told that the rest of Asia would pay no attention to our policy unless we committed American divisions. Then came the quicksand and the endless graves.

History has proved the government's statements to the American people about the Vietnam War to be both incompetent and absurd. We were told that the Vietnamese were puppets of China, but today the "puppets" and the "puppeteer" are engaged in fierce recriminations and border fighting. We were told that the communization of Indochina would create a unified ideological force that would march in solid formation against the rest of Asia; but the Communist nations of Indochina are now warring among themselves. We were told that China and Russia would team up against the West. But the main threat of nuclear war today comes from the unresolved tensions between these two nations.

And now the same people who gave us all these boomerang situations want to activate a peacetime military draft that runs counter to our traditions and that, only a decade ago, divided this country beyond anything experienced since the War Between the States. The single most important thing we should have learned from the Sixties is that we do not put men and women in uniform unless they have a cause that is tied to a clearly understood moral purpose that is generally connected to the American future and that is directed to the making of a safer world. We should have learned from our experience that Americans are not poker chips to be used in the international game of posturing and blustering designed to maintain a balance of power. The Bismarckian concept of fending and thrusting may have had its place in a Europe where history was an endless chain reaction of plot and counterplot, but in an age in which nations are only a pushbutton away from a mutual cataclysm, game-playing becomes little more than a fuse for igniting continental destruction.

A large standing army no longer has meaning in terms of national defense. Ballistic missiles, MX launchers, submarines with thermonuclear warhead delivery systems, all these will bypass the defending army and strike at the real target—the life of the nation itself.

The government cannot have it both ways. It cannot ask for billions of dollars for inflicting instant death on an enemy in a war that may last a few minutes, and then turn around and ask for money to support a 19th-century form of warfare. National security in a nuclear age depends on an unremitting effort to create a durable peace through world order. If we haven't yet learned that fact, the largest army in the world will not save us.—**N.C.**

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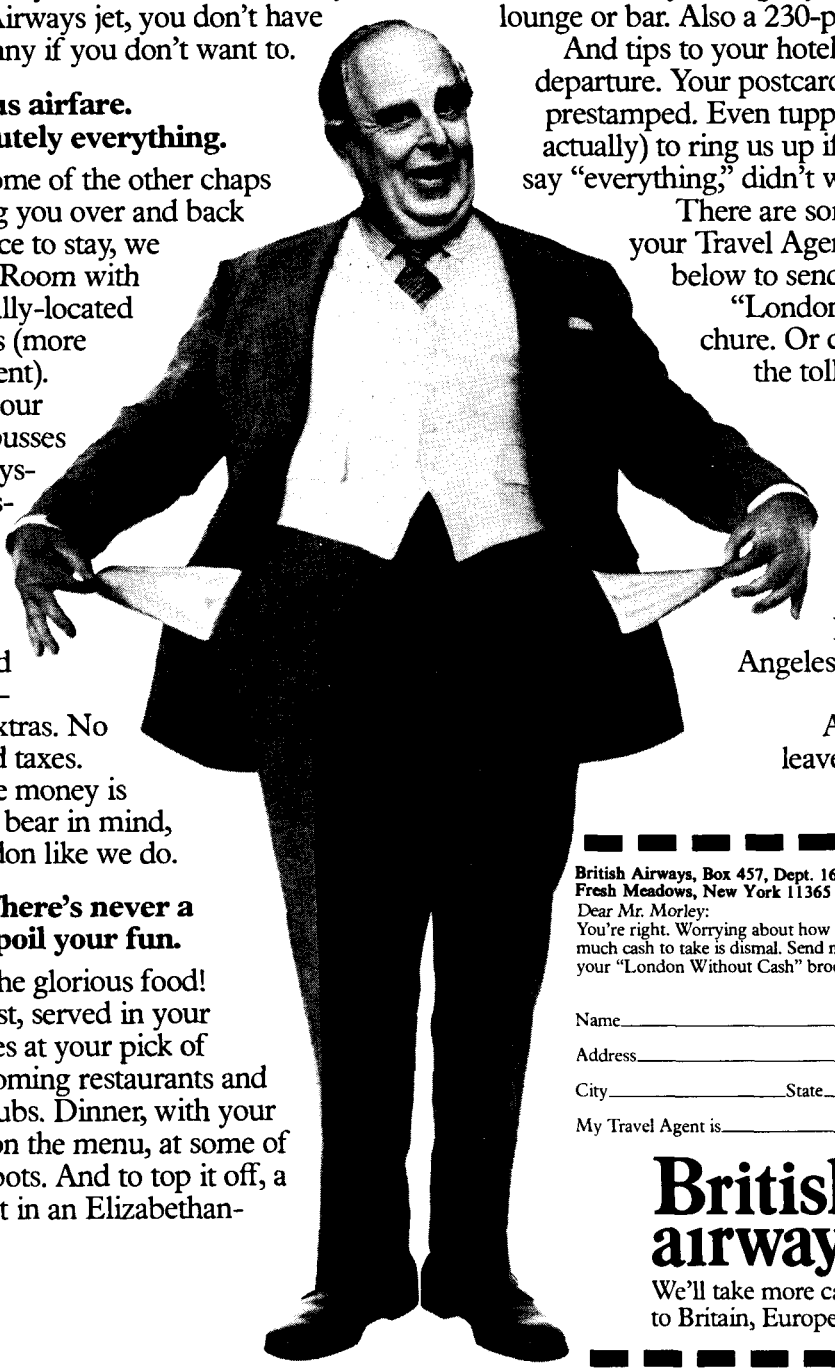

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NOTES FROM THE BLUE COAST

Funereal in Berlin

AS I HAVE spent a mere hour and 40 minutes in East Berlin—I leave out of account the somewhat longer time spent at Passport and Currency Control—it is perhaps unfair to make a judgment on the city. God must surely have needed more than an hour and a bit before deciding to burn up Sodom, but I, being only human, am limited in my tolerance.

I would willingly have burned up the whole of East Germany after five minutes with the Cerberuses at Checkpoint Charlie. A large mouthful of German was thrown at me by a blonde matron in a kiosk blazoned with quotations from Brecht. *"Ich verstehe nicht,"* I said. *"Ich spreche kein deutsch."* A kind of leftover from the Hitlerjugend, a cropped uniformed boy with a genuine Nazi sneer, said: "Ah, that is a lie. You are speaking German and yet you say you do not speak it. But we are accustomed to liars from the West." I then handed over my capitalist slavery marks and was given some free people's republic ones. But I was warned: every pfennig, you hear, every pfennig must you account for. We will have no more lies or evasions. My passport was taken away, I was searched for drugs, inflammatory literature, weapons and microcameras, and then released into Real Germany, the other one, the walled-up one, being a capitalist imitation.

Real Germany is distinguishable from the other by having trees growing from the roofs of buildings. This is not a kind of Babylonish gardening but the result of seeds being dropped by birds and germinating in gutters stopped up with well-irrigated dirt. You do not get this in the democracies, which proves that there is no harmony between nature and capitalism.

What do you now do, having the freedom to expend your East German marks and yet finding nothing to spend them on? You can go to see Brecht at that People's Theatre over there on the left, but we get enough Brecht (evidently a very ambiguous playwright) in the so-called free world. You can look for a place where it may conceivably be possible to beg something in the way, conceivably, of a drink, if this is not contrary to the State philosophy. For nothing you may admire the women and thank God for their good sense. For they devour the television shows put out by the other Germany, absorb the fashions, and undulate in home-made elegance. No sedulous ideological drabness for them.

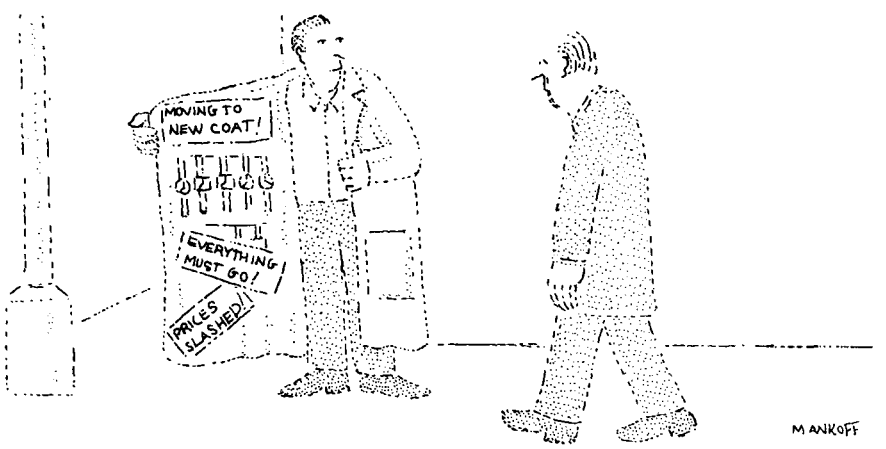
Or you can drink in the goods offered in the windows of the people's department stores, opened one day a week. Damn it, those artifacts from Dresden and Meissen and Leipzig are not to be sold but to be exhibited. It is necessary that we exhibit what we manufacture for sale, but this naturally precludes selling them. Logical, is it not? So I go for a drink, but this is a socialist country and there is none of your free and easy capitalist grabbing of a quick one at a bar open to the street. You have to go to a kind of Edwardian Café Royal full of imperialist plush and flunkeys, surrender your coat in the expectation of not seeing it again, be escorted to a table, wait for a waiter, order a small *ersatz* cognac, wait, be served, wait to pay, wait for change, insult the waiter, who is a free worker, by tipping him too little or at all, one is not sure which, be bowed out, be given the wrong coat, be assured that, despite the evidence of your ticket, if this is not your coat then you brought no coat, and regain the street in time to see a stork drop seed-rich feces onto a roof.

What do you do now? If you walk up and down pretending to admire the people's architecture, you may be arrested as one up to no good. Find a prostitute? Despite the evidence, these do not exist or, if they do, using one's services may involve form-filling and a Wassermann test. There is only one thing to do, and that is to go back to Checkpoint Charlie and try to get over the Wall again.

Ah, I remember you, the lying capitalist who pretends not to speak German, but I bet you understand what I am saying to you now, you dirty exploitative *Auslander.* How much money did you spend? What, so little? Come, there are twenty pfennigs still not accounted for. A tip? *Trinkgeld*? That is a lie, there is not *Trinkgeld* any more in the socialist world. What have you done with those twenty pfennigs? My grilling was comparatively mild compared with what they were doing to a young American who swore five pfennigs had dropped from a hole in his pocket. He ended up crying. We have ways of making you talk, you will see. I then asked for my passport. They could not deny that I had handed one in, but something had gone wrong with their shoebox filing system. This? This? All British sure enough, but all of men and women who had the faces of people long gone under, tortured, liquidated. But, of course, that is perhaps just a general characteristic of passport photographs. Ah, this? Yes, yes, or rather *ja.* Ah, there you go again, pretending you do not speak German. I do not think this is yours, it is not like you, that is the face of a younger man and one, moreover, who does not appear to be a liar. Well, take it, we wash our hands of you. *Trinkgeld,* indeed. Thankfully I was able to get away.

But I was called back with loud *Achtungs* before I reached freedom. You have neglected to be given your passport, cried a man in Feldgrau whom I had not seen before. And he handed me one. I did not wish to get into trouble again so I took it. It was a passport of the République Française, the name Edouard Hecquet, bearded, unmarried, journalist by profession. I often wonder what has happened to its rightful owner. Is he cached in some oubliette weeping, trying to account still for some last unaccountable pfennigs?

—Anthony Burgess



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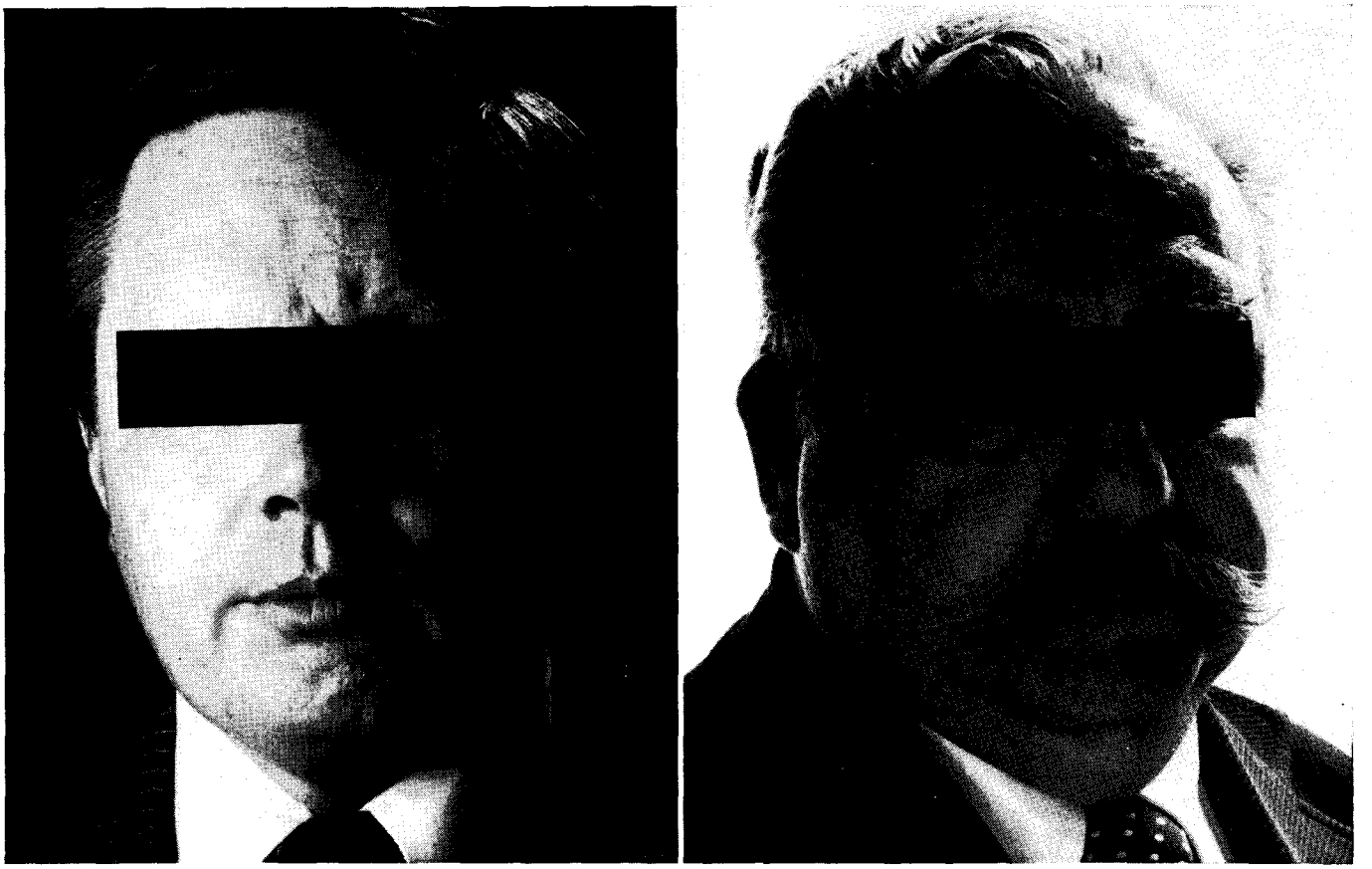

One of these men had a business that went into a slump, into the red and up in smoke.

He had a fire of a "suspicious" nature, but arson could not be proved. So, he was able to collect a substantial amount on his insurance. He turned his business loss into a profit for himself but into an additional expense for the insurance company and the policyholders.

Arson has become the "hottest" crime in the nation. Who are these arsonists? They range from small, one-time offenders, like the man on the left, to organized professional "torches." Many have found arson a profitable crime. Shocking! Even more shocking are the losses related to arson—700 lives and an estimated $1.6 billion in insured fire losses in 1977. When you consider lost jobs, property taxes and higher costs in consumer goods, the total economic loss is a staggering $10 billion!

We're a major group of property and casualty insurance companies and we're alarmed by the rise in this violent, costly and dangerous crime. Not only does arson jeopardize lives and property, it costs policyholders a lot of money—approximately 40¢ of every claim dollar paid for fire losses. That's four times more than ten years ago.

Recently, the FBI re-classified arson as a major crime, in the same category as murder, rape and grand larceny. This re-classification will result in greater attention by federal, state and local law enforcement agencies. We in the insurance industry urged the government to take this action. We will continue working with law enforcement agencies to stop the spread of this vicious crime.

Here's what we're doing:

- Trying to take the profit out of arson by more extensive investigation of claims and by cooperating in the prosecution of more persons involved in "suspicious" fires.
- Supporting the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute's investigations of insurance fraud.
- Conducting arson-detection seminars for insurance personnel.
- Developing the Property Insurance Loss Register—a computerized file of previous loss claims which will alert investigators.
- Encouraging state legislators to pass stricter laws that carry heavier punishments for arson.
- Encouraging community and state arson task force programs to deal with arson problems on a local level.

Here's what you can do:

- Report any suspicious persons or activity to the police, fire department or fire marshal.
- Support efforts in your community to fight arson.

This message is presented by the **American Insurance Association,** 85 John Street, New York, N.Y. 10038.

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Legislation for a World in Tumult

EARLY IN 1977, a Ugandan resident of the United States learned that his entire family, with the exception of a brother who had escaped to Kenya, had been slaughtered by Idi Amin's minions. Because of his brother's outstanding academic record, the American Ugandan, with the help of friends he had made here, was able to arrange for the survivor's admission to Harvard University. The Ugandan then applied to the American Embassy in Nairobi for a student visa. But student visas are for temporary stays, and clearly the fellow would not, on graduating, return to his native country. The visa was denied. Nor, under American law, was he considered an admissible refugee. And even if he were, there is no place in Africa where a refugee can apply for admission to the United States.

Although the last three decades have been a time of unprecedented upheaval in various parts of the world, the basic American law on the admission of refugees dates back to 1952, a time overcast by the shadow of Senator Joseph McCarthy. The McCarran-Walter Act reflected the McCarthy-engendered suspicion of the State Department and was single-minded in its Cold War orientation. As matters now stand, an admissible refugee is someone fleeing from a Communist country or from a Middle East area with oddly defined boundaries. Each year, 17,400 such refugees—the number set by a 1965 amendment—may be admitted to the United States. To admit refugees beyond that number or outside of the restrictive definition requires the "parole authority" (a term which itself stigmatizes the refugee) of the U.S. Attorney General.

Nobody has been overly happy with the arrangement, and recent events on the international and national scenes have, respectively, given urgency to, and made possible, the major overhaul of U.S. refugee policy, which is at the heart of legislation currently under congressional consideration.

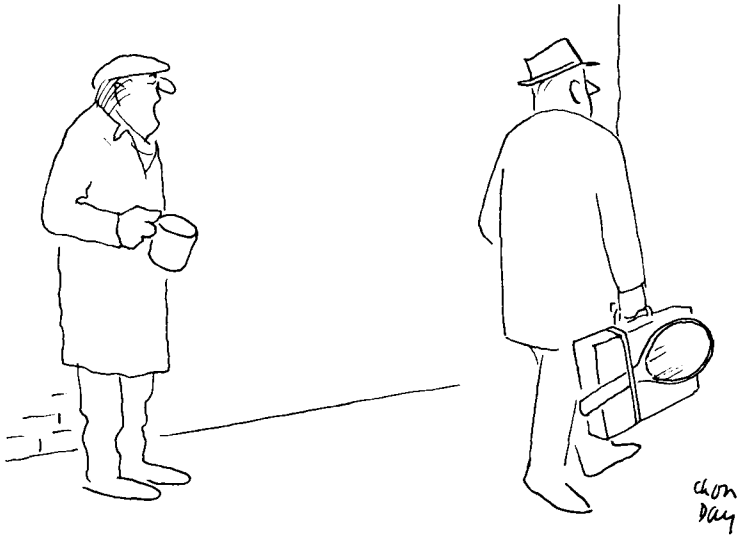
A sharp increase in the number of "boat people" fleeing Vietnam with no hospitable shores to receive them dramatized the urgency. From a summer 1978 outflow of 5,000 people per month, the number reached 34,000 in April 1979, and about 60,000 in May. Literally hundreds of thousands of other refugees are afoot in Southeast Asia; many of these are warehoused under abominable conditions in U.N.-funded (but not controlled) emergency camps in neighboring countries of first asylum—countries where their presence is generally resented—while they await resettlement in third countries. Adding to the pressure on the United States to take stock of its refugee policy has been the considerable increase in the number of Soviet Jews seeking entry as the Soviet Union loosens its restrictions on emigration.

The United States has thus far responded to the refugee plight with the wholesale use of the Attorney General's parole authority. Since 1975, 210,000 Indochinese refugees—a group toward whom the United States recognizes a special responsibility—have been approved for entry under that authority. In April of this year, for example, Attorney General Griffin Bell authorized 35,000 refugees from Indochina and 20,000 from the Soviet bloc to come in over the next six months; in 1978 and the first three months of 1979, he authorized the entry of 12,000 East Europeans and about 47,000 Indochinese. And, fulfilling a pledge made in Tokyo this summer by President Carter, he doubled the Indochinese quota to 14,000 per month.

Custom has placed some practical limits on the Attorney General's parole authority. The State Department originates the request for admission of refugees, and the Attorney General acts only after consulting the concerned congressional committees. Legally, he is under no constraint to do so, but since these committees preside over the ambitions and destinies of the Justice Department in other areas, consultation is the better part of bureaucratic valor. Nevertheless, many congressmen are disturbed by the open-ended nature of the parole authority. Nor is Bell himself comfortable in its exercise. He is acutely aware that the 1952 legislation contemplated resort to parole only in special cases involving individuals, and is reported to be somewhat queasy about the way the authority has been exercised since 1956, when Attorney General Herbert Brownell first invoked it on a massive scale to admit 40,000 Hungarians.

However, the replacement of Joshua Eilberg, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Immigration, Refugees and International Law, and James Eastland, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee—both belonging to the gangplank school of immigration ("I'm aboard—pull up the gangplank!")—by Elizabeth Holtzman and Edward Kennedy has abruptly changed the political chemistry of refugee affairs. Out of the new chemistry has come the proposed Refugee Act of 1979, drafted by the congressional committees in consultation with the administration. It is a milestone in that, implicitly, it recognizes global chaos as a permanent phenomenon and deals on an orderly basis with the inevitable human tragedies.

The legislation provides for a normal annual admission of at least 50,000 refugees, with the president determining the number of admissions to be allocated to each group "of special concern" to the



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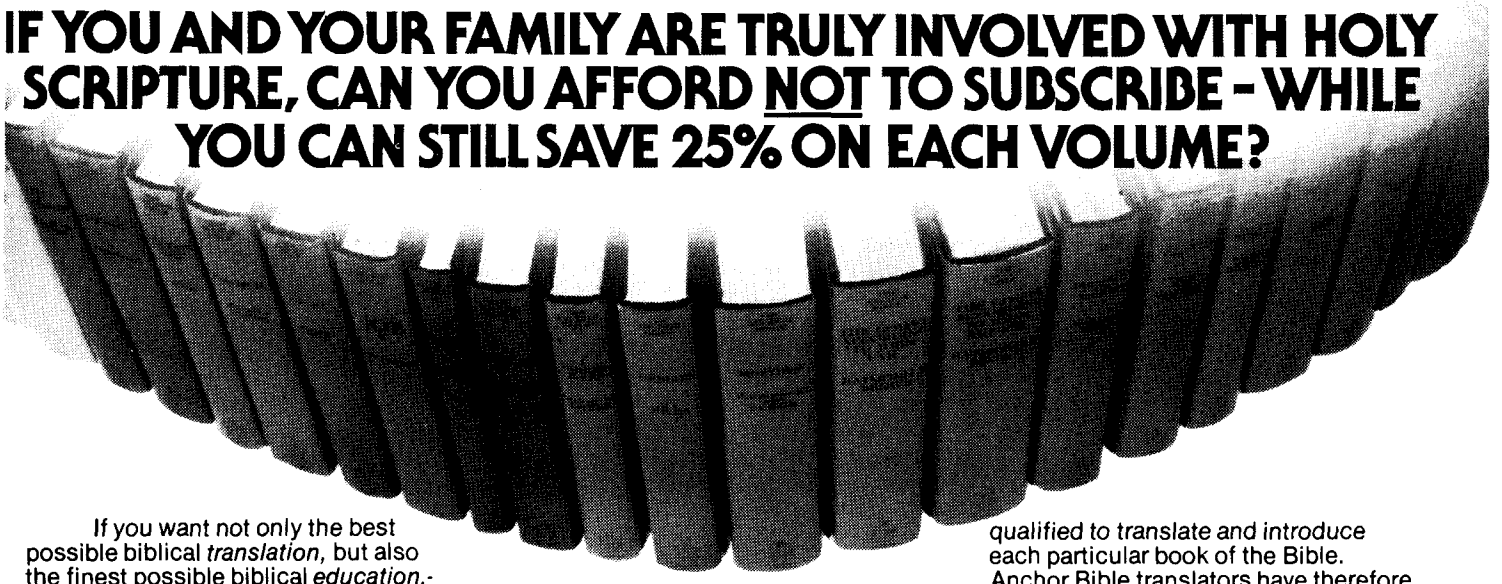

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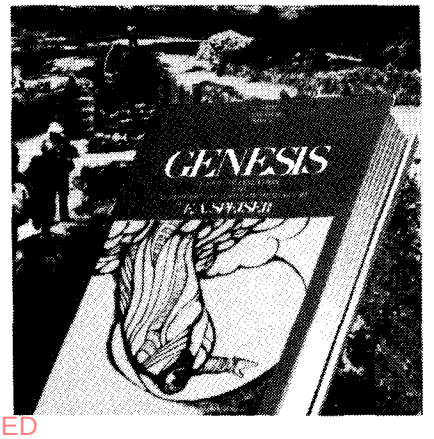

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United States. Additionally, the president may, before the beginning of each fiscal year (and at *any* time in response to an emergency), raise that number to whatever level he considers called for on humanitarian grounds, based on the foreseeable number of refugees "of special concern" who will need resettlement. The phrase puts the president under some admonition to use his authority judiciously in light of the millions of people whose conditions fit the new description of a refugee.

For the quantum jump is not so much in numbers as in the definition of a refugee. Shedding the Cold War terminology, the legislation adopts the United Nations characterization of a refugee as any person outside his own country who can't or won't return because of a "well-founded fear of persecution on account of race, religion, nationality, membership in a particular social group, or political opinion."

The change has far-reaching implications. Since the 1950s an average of 40,000 refugees a year has entered the United States on the ad hoc parole basis. Besides the Vietnamese and Soviet refugees, about 350,000 Cubans have entered formally (and perhaps an equal number "informally"). But little has been done for victims of right-wing dictatorships. Of 9,000 Haitians who have applied, only about 70 have been admitted as political refugees. Fewer than 1,000 Chilean refugees have been admitted since the fall of the Allende government. The parole authority, effectively dependent on the good will of congressional committees, has also been exercised in niggardly fashion on behalf of refugees from the Philippines, Africa, and Indonesia. Under the new rules, the case for admission can be weighed on humanitarian grounds and without recourse to the circumscribed parole route.

Perhaps out of fear of arousing the latent antagonism which is the dark side of the American ambivalence toward immigrants, sponsors of the legislation are soft-pedaling talk of a major policy switch. Nongovernment authorities, such as David Carliner, Washington's leading immigration lawyer, are less inhibited. "Since World War II," Carliner says, "our refugee laws have been discriminatory and political in nature. The Refugee Act, if passed, will represent a sharp reversal in American policy."

Opposition to the proposed reforms, arising in part from the traditional fear of opening up the floodgates and in part from concern about the expense—estimated at $1.7 billion over the next five years, assuming 100,000 refugees enter annually—at a time when there is constituent pressure to keep federal spending down, is not a clear-cut liberal-conservative face-off. The constituency for the legislation includes ethnic groups and their agencies, voluntary organizations, churches, and some political action groups like Amnesty International. And the AFL-CIO, in keeping with its traditional progressive posture, has issued the anticipated statement of support. But labor's rank and file can be expected to contain its enthusiasm and, by the same token, the sympathies of minority-group organizations are tempered by their view of refugees as competitors for tightening public funds.

The floodgate fear is something of a hobgoblin. Refugees account for less than 10 percent of our total legal immigrant flow, and the numbers who will come in under the Refugee Act in the foreseeable future are probably not much greater than those who would be paroled in under existing law. And in terms of the number of Indochinese refugees resettled in proportion to host country population, the United States is just slightly ahead of Norway, Belgium, and New Zealand—but does less than half as much as France and only one quarter as much as Australia.

The increased expenses envisioned by opponents of the Refugee Act may be more apparent than real. Sponsors of the legislation point out that approximately the same costs would be incurred under the current law if the incoming numbers were the same. As matters now stand, the United States pays roughly one-third of the UN High Commissioner for Refugees' budget for the maintenance of refugees overseas; a substantial number of these people are awaiting resettlement in the United States and, financially speaking, it doesn't make much difference whether we pay for them over there or over here. Resettled in the United States, refugees, with the vitality that new waves of immigrants have always brought, rather quickly join the ranks of the taxpayers. Jewish refugees have been almost immediately self-sustaining, and the employment rate among the Vietnamese refugees is 94.9 percent, slightly higher than the national average. And, although most have had to move downward on the occupational ladder, wages and salaries account for 90 percent of the income of Vietnamese refugees and public assistance only 10 percent. Cuban refugees, whose arrival in Florida was greeted with considerable apprehension by economically disadvantaged groups, have made of their Miami enclave a prosperous center of trade with Latin America, which has spawned new employment opportunities for all.

Although no such lobbying for the Refugee Act can be expected as that which is mounted for a powerful domestic interest, Senator Kennedy and the administration are hopeful that it can become law this year. After all, nobody is violently opposed. Resistance to the Refugee Act is more likely to take the form of tacking on restrictive amendments. If moves to do so cannot be beaten down, Kennedy can be expected to withdraw the legislation, bear with the present arrangements, and come back to fight another day.

—Leonard Reed

Mr. Reed is a freelance writer whose work appears frequently in the Washington Monthly, *the* Washington Post, *and elsewhere.*

"Okay, now cough."

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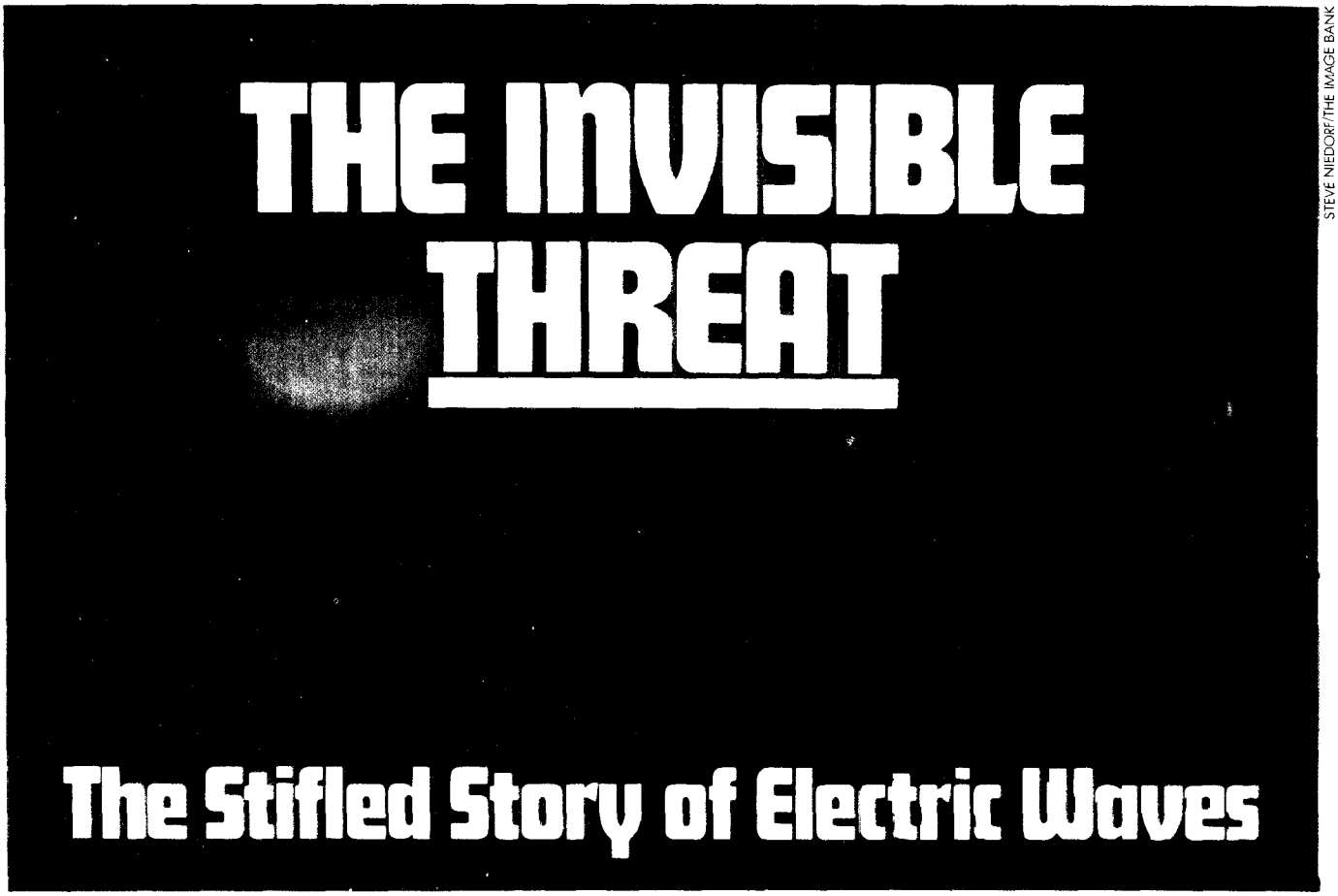

STEVE NIEDORF/THE IMAGE BANK

Radar screen—ghostly intruder in private homes.

by Susan Schiefelbein

IN THE HEART OF THE American midwest, a farmhouse is nestled in the land just adjacent to a military base. Although the enlisted men use the post as a practice area for electronic warfare, the base had never bothered the farmer and his wife much, at least not until recently. Then the wife began to lose her memory. Soon she also had problems with her sight. One evening, when she entered her son's darkened bedroom, the desk lamp lit up—by itself. She unplugged it, but its eerie light continued to glow. Perhaps, it occurred to her, electronics at the base held the secret to this ghostly intrusion; perhaps they were playing tricks with her mind and her vision as well. Some time later, still troubled, she flew to New York to visit an ophthalmologist who specializes in cataracts caused by radiant energy. He confirmed what she feared; electromagnetic waves had left their mark just as clearly as a burglar leaves fingerprints. The tissues in her eyes were clouded in a way that, given her youth and good health, could be explained only by exposure to radiant energy. Today the woman still lives in her farmhouse; but now she has serious psychiatric problems. Her husband, filled with anxieties that his land will be devalued, urges her to keep her story to herself. She feels she has no one to turn to.

There is reason to believe her feelings of abandonment are justified, for many scientists insist that electromagnetic waves can do no such harm. The small band of researchers who would believe her tale, moreover, are in no position to help her; they say they are being shunned and isolated themselves. This scientific minority accuses industry, which sells electronic gadgets, and the military, which depends on them, of squelching the scientific publications, cutting off funding, and attacking the reputation of anyone who questions the proclamation that electromagnetic waves are safe.

The facts, indeed, seem to bear out the claims of these researchers. Recently, the head of the department of biology at Harvard—speaking as a representative of the prestigious National Academy of Sciences—publicly lied about research and lashed out at the credibility of colleagues who differ with his benign depiction of a Navy project. Judges, too, have participated in highly questionable activities while cloaked in their official capacity as arbiters of a hearing over power lines, which also broadcast electromagnetic waves.

The controversy is a complex and many-faceted one; it is not well served by simplified conspiracy theories and personal vendettas. Part of the problem, of course, concerns the effect powerful electromagnetic waves have on the human body, which depends on its own microscopic currents of electricity to accomplish such delicate tasks as sparking heartbeats and transmitting the electronic signals we call human thought. But the issue has gone beyond these medical matters. The electromagnetic controversy now poses the larger question of human rights—not only the right to a healthy environment, but such fundamental rights as the freedom to speak, to inquire, to explore and discover.

Two years ago, Paul Brodeur examined some of these problems in his much-acclaimed book, *The Zapping of America: Microwaves, Their Deadly Risk, and the Cover-up*. Unfortunately, however, the story continues. A U.S. ambassador is now reported to be suffering from cancer after having worked in the Moscow embassy, which the Russians had beamed with microwaves; he is the third ambassador to contract the disease after serving at that post. Moreover, low frequency waves—the kind that come from power lines—have now become another fierce part of the debate. Meanwhile, our uses of electronics multiply daily. The air in this country fairly vibrates with the waves from 9 million broadcasting transmitters, 30 million CB radios, and from the telephone network. The largest newspapers transmit their copy to printers via microwaves. Not one plane could lift itself into the sky, or fly,

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or land, without radar. Add to this electrified atmosphere 500,000 miles of high-voltage wires, and it is readily apparent that the modern way of life depends on what many experts call our electronic smog.

Despite the fact that the average American makes use of electromagnetic waves each day, few people really understand how they work. An electric charge sets off a ripple of electric and magnetic force in the same way that we set waves in motion when we dive into the sea. We measure these waves by their frequency—the number of times they go up and down per second—and their intensity, which is determined by the power of the initial charge. Frequency is measured in hertz; intensity, in milliwatts. *The electromagnetic spectrum* refers to waves of all frequencies, from the very highest—X-rays—down through microwaves, radiowaves, and finally extremely low frequency (ELF) waves, the kind we use for electric power. *Radiation* simply refers to the movement of these waves through space. The highest frequency waves vibrate so quickly that the material through which they pass breaks up into charged particles called ions. This phenomenon is called ionizing radiation, the kind that is associated with nuclear power, for example, and rips through cells in human tissues. Lower frequencies, like microwaves and ELF, are called non-ionizing radiation; while we do not fully understand their effects on the body, we do know that they do not destroy cells in the way ionizing radiation does. For that matter, some of the effects of microwaves are quite different from those of ELF. But that story is best told from the beginning.

IN 1947, DR. HERMAN SCHWAN, a biophysicist who for the previous decade had served as a professor at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute of Biophysics in Germany, came to the United States to become a research scientist for the U.S. Navy. In 1950, he took a position as a professor of electrical engineering and physical medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, where he remains today, a highly funded researcher in electromagnetics. His research funds come primarily from the Department of Defense.

Shortly after his arrival at the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Schwan set out to identify the levels of microwaves—that is, high frequency waves—that the human organism can withstand. Although he was neither a physician nor a biologist, Dr. Schwan assumed that the only effect microwaves have on living tissue is that of heat—the effect, basically, that an oven has on a ham. Using a metal ball as a model of the human body, together with his own assumptions of how much heat the body can throw off by means of perspiration and other biological processes, Schwan figured that a person can safely handle an exposure of 10 milliwatts of microwaves per square centimeter of body surface.

In 1953, Dr. Schwan proposed his 10-milliwatt standard to the Navy. The armed services, in fact, were looking for an exposure standard for their personnel just about this time, for they were dreaming of the day—they knew it would come soon—when their scientists would develop high-power radar.

During the following years, the armed forces eagerly pursued the idea of setting a personnel standard. Little actual biological experimentation was conducted, however; the few studies that were done tested only the effects of very high doses of microwaves. Solomon Michaelson, a veterinarian at the University of Rochester who is also largely funded by the DOD, tested intensities so high he induced gross burns in test animals. By virtue of these experiments, he said he confirmed Schwan's postulation that a 10-milliwatt standard would be safe. No one actually tested the 10-milliwatt level for anything other than heat.

In 1965, the Army and Air Force adopted the 10-milliwatt level. One year later, the U.S. American Standards Institute also adopted 10 milliwatts, but as an occupational guideline only. Other than a microwave-oven ruling, which limits leakage to one milliwatt at purchase and five milliwatts after use, no standard protects the American people. (While the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health is now considering setting a standard, some of those who have reviewed the proposal denounce it as inadequate.)

The level that we had determined as "safe" was a thousand times greater than the standard accepted by the Soviet Union. This fact was to become more significant than any of the military brass or scientists imagined; for in 1962, the State Department discovered that the American embassy in Moscow was being irradiated by a microwave beam. Clever Russians: At its high-point of 18 microwatts, the beam was almost twice as intense as their own safety standard of 10 microwatts; yet it was about 500 times less than the standard that the Department of Defense had insisted was harmless.

The State Department decided not to tell any of the embassy employees that the building was being irradiated. Instead, it conducted a secret investigation of microwaves. The study, called Project Pandora, was completed in 1970. While those involved reported that the Moscow signal had no biological effects, they destroyed the data on which they had based the study.

Dr. Milton Zaret, an ophthalmologist now practicing in Scarsdale, New York, is one of the scientists who question the Pandora report. Zaret had been asked at the time to do research on the Moscow signal for the CIA. He says the CIA told him its agents had established the fact that the Moscow signal had not been intended for listening in on embassy conversations or for jamming our surveillance equipment. Zaret was asked to review Soviet medical literature to see what the Russians themselves had in mind. His conclusion: "Whatever other reasons the Russians may have had, they believed the beam would modify the behavior of personnel."

Bees exposed to an electromagnetic field sealed off their hive and suffocated.

The employees in the embassy were not officially told about their irradiation until 1976, when, according to the State Department, the intensities of the beam increased. By this time, Ambassador Stoessel—whose office caught the center of the beam—was suffering from a blood disease, nausea, and bleeding in the eyes. The State Department installed metal screens on the windows of the buildings, declared the post "unhealthful," and gave employees a 20 percent raise. Nonetheless, it informed personnel that "no medical problems had been identified with low levels of microwaves." The department also insisted that the beam had been aimed at the roof, where it was meant to deactivate our electronic surveillance equipment. This explanation has yet to be accepted by engineering experts, however, who say the weakness of the beam did not suit it to that purpose.

Whatever the furtive explanations for the signal, the public outcry has been intense—particularly against the State Department for having kept information from embassy employees. Perhaps to assuage this irate reaction, the State Department contracted Johns Hopkins University to do a massive epidemiological study of some 4,000 former employees of the Moscow embassy. Dr. Abraham Lilienfeld, of Johns Hopkins, directed the research team, but the State Department itself designed the study and provided Lilienfeld with much of his information. The final report "supports the conclusion that governmental employees did not encounter health hazards traceable to their exposure."

While government officials tout this study as cause for great relief—a vindication of microwaves—Lilienfeld himself calls for caution in the interpretation of his results. He says he "would not use the word 'reassuring' to describe the report. Since the latency period of cancer can be as long as 20 years,

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and since the people who had the highest doses were exposed as late as 1977, there has been little follow-up."

But the most startling piece of information Lilienfeld has to offer today concerns the health of Ambassador Stoessel. As Lilienfeld was gathering the immense amount of data for the State Department study, he was provided with one fact that has not yet been given to the American people: Stoessel now suffers from either "a lymphoma or a leukemia." Stoessel's ill health takes on a measure of significance when one recalls that two of his predecessors, Charles Bohlen and Llewellyn Thompson, have died of cancer. How do these facts square with Lilienfeld's report, which finds "no health hazards"? "It is conceivable," says the epidemiologist, "that someone in the

Mice exposed to an ELF field, Marino said, exhibited the classic signs of stress.

center of the beam who was affected more wouldn't show up in the size of our study." Stoessel, now stationed in Germany, declined to answer *Saturday Review*'s questions on the matter.

The link between cancer and microwaves has also been brought up in another recent development. Last year, the chief epidemiologist for New Jersey discovered that the cancer rate in Rutherford was way above normal. Five children at the Pierrepont Elementary School had developed cancer; the odds against such a situation, one report stated, were 10 million to one. According to the FCC, some 6,400 sources of microwaves are located within a 15-mile radius of the town. The school itself is situated on top of a hill, a good target for microwaves. The citizens of Rutherford wanted microwave measurements. First, the state assigned Bell Laboratories to do the job, despite the fact that its parent company, ATT, was involved in a suit regarding a man who died from what his doctor claims were exposures to microwaves. When Bell's equipment proved faulty, a public uproar ensued; and the National Bureau of Standards remeasured microwaves in the area. A spokesman for that group has found what he calls "field strengths that are high enough to imply something. The data that we've got will make other government agencies want to look at Rutherford, too."

In the meantime, research on microwaves and their biological effects continues. The Government Accounting Office has conducted one review of the literature that cited 1,000 research papers. Among the effects reported were central nervous system disorders, genetic damage, reductions in the brain's electrical activity, loss of memory, and malformations of the fetuses of exposed animals.

Milton Zaret, the ophthalmologist who reviewed the Soviet literature for the CIA, has identified more than 50 cases of cataracts caused by nonionizing radiation. Fifteen of these were air traffic controllers and commercial airline pilots.

Dr. Allen Frey, a biophysicist at Radomline, a scientific research organization in Pennsylvania, has demonstrated that average power densities of 0.2 milliwatts affect the blood-brain barrier, that is, the ability of the brain's blood vessels to pick and choose what materials enter this vital organ. Other researchers, using some of Frey's basic data on cardiac research, have found that microwaves measured under 10 milliwatts affect the electrical pulses that spark heartbeats and can either slow the heart down or speed it up.

The literature of the Eastern bloc countries is replete with reports of such microwave effects as headache, fatigue, and reduction in sexual capabilities. Dr. Frey, who was recently asked to lecture extensively in the Soviet Union, reports that the Soviets have elevated microwave study to a top priority, assigning the research to their best organization, the Academy of Sciences, and naming as director the same man who did extensive scientific work in their space programs.

How do those who consider microwaves harmless react to these studies? Rather underhandedly, it appears. A historian at the University of Michigan reports in one study that Raytheon, which owns the companies that manufacture radar and Amana microwave ovens, went to the government to stop one scientific investigation. Zaret reports that an army officer tried to pull one of his papers from a scientific journal that had accepted it for publication. At a trial regarding a microwave-damages suit, Solomon Michaelson, the veterinarian who helped set the 10-milliwatt standard, tried to discredit Zaret by questioning his abilities. Later testimony revealed that Michaelson's mother had been operated on by Zaret, who restored the vision of an eye that had been blind.

WHILE MOST OF THE researchers working on microwaves must battle to defend their findings, few researchers have even attempted to study the biological effects of ELF—the frequency used for high-voltage wires. The little we do know about low frequency fields—particularly about the field that naturally emanates from the earth—implies that they are intimately connected to the course of life itself. Studies of ocean sediment indicate that, with the last reversal of this field, 25,000 years ago, entire species vanished from the planet. Another indication of the importance of this field is tied to the fact that the field around the human brain has the same frequency as the field around the brain of every other living organism; and they, in turn, have frequencies comparable to the earth's natural magnetic field. Theory has it that the first living cell, formed at creation, took its electricity from the atmosphere that surrounded it. Studies show, further, that man's biological cycles depend on the rhythms of the earth's magnetic field; if a man is put in an underground bunker that is shielded from the field, these cycles go askew. Other studies indicate that the incidence of nervous and mental disease and suicides is related to magnetic storms.

We do not know what happens when we alter the earth's natural field; nonetheless, we have increasingly injected it with our own electric waves. High-voltage wires are one of the most notable sources of ELF pollution. Few people realize that electric power does not flow *through* the lines; it flows in the *direction* of the line; its fields extend for thousands of feet on each side. This can be vividly illustrated by the fact that a fluorescent bulb held under a high-voltage wire will light up by itself. Though little study has been done on the effects of these lines, one report published recently in the *American Journal of Epidemiology* found that in a large residential area the greatest numbers of children with cancer lived in homes that were located nearest to power line substations, and thus were exposed to ELF electric fields.

In 1973, the link between microwaves and ELF had not yet been perceived. It was then that Dr. Robert Becker, a distinguished researcher and orthopedic surgeon at the V.A. Hospital in Syracuse, New York, entered the story.

Becker himself had spent his career studying applications

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of electricity for bone healing and growth. Because of his pioneering research, Becker was asked by the Navy to sit on the Ad Hoc Committee for the Review of Biomedical and Ecological Effects of ELF Radiation.

The Navy's interest in ELF was specifically attached to a $100 million antenna it hoped to build. Called Project Sanguine, the antenna would allow the Navy to communicate with deep, fast-running submarines. It was to be a grid of buried wires covering 25,600 square miles of northern Wisconsin. Though it would broadcast at a frequency near 60 hertz, the electric-line frequency, its signal would be 1 million times weaker than that of a power line.

The ad hoc committee decided that Sanguine's effects would be different from what its name implies. After reviewing many studies—some of them on humans—it called for an "urgent and absolutely necessary" continuation of a study that had indicated Sanguine would affect the levels of triglycerides in the human bloodstream, a warning, researchers say, of stroke. "Strong emphasis" should be given, it said, to studies of Sanguine's effects on the central nervous system. The report also called for further psychological testing and studies of human biorhythms. The committee of researchers unanimously recommended that the federal government be "apprised of the possible significance to the large population at risk in the United States who are exposed to 60 hertz fields from power lines." Though the report was unclassified, the Navy did not release it. None of the recommended studies was conducted. The project was renamed Seafarer, a change one official ascribes to bad publicity.

Soon after the meeting, Becker discovered that two utilities were planning to build a 765-kilovolt high-voltage line in upstate New York. With the recommendations of the committee still ringing in his ears, and the knowledge that a high-voltage wire is 1 million times as powerful as Sanguine was intended to be, Becker immediately wrote the head of New York's Public Service Commission, briefing the official on the ad hoc committee and its conclusions. Becker, along with Andrew Marino, a biophysicist in Becker's labs, was then asked by the PSC to testify at hearings regarding the line.

During the first set of hearings, the two reviewed the literature regarding ELF. They said that an ELF field near the head of a human had induced anesthesia. It had affected the chemical balance in the blood, brain, and liver of rats and had slowed the heartbeats of exposed salmon and eels. It had interfered with the ability of homing pigeons to find their way. It had caused bone tumors in mice. Bees exposed to an ELF field ceased to store honey and pollen and began to kill one another; in a few days they had either abandoned or sealed off their hives, causing their death by asphyxiation.

On hearing such evidence, the two power companies, Niagara Mohawk and Rochester Gas and Electric, asked that the hearings be postponed for a year.

In the intervening months, Dr. Marino conducted two of his own experiments. In one study, rats exposed to an ELF field failed to gain weight normally. In another, three successive generations of mice exposed to ELF fields were stunted. Marino concluded that the animals were exhibiting the classic signs of stress.

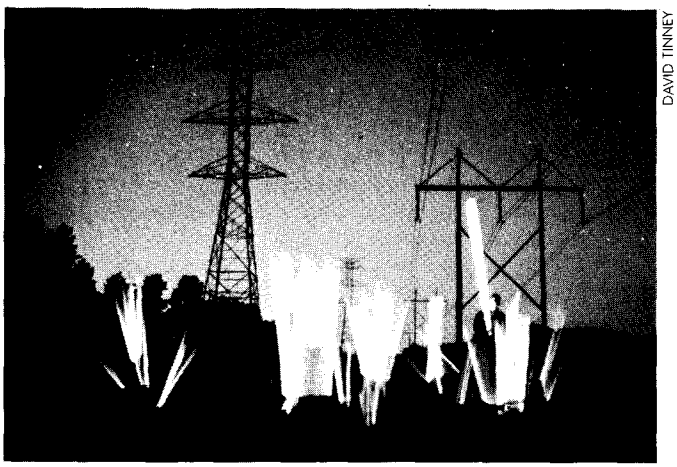
Becker and Marino returned to the hearings a year later confidently carrying the data from their experiments. Who should they see, then, as witnesses for the utilities? Herman Schwan and Solomon Michaelson, the DOD-funded microwave researchers, together with a botanist from the University of Rochester named Mort Miller.

As Marino described the ensuing scene, "they came down on us like a ton of bricks." Schwan had made calculations, once again using a metal ball as his model for the human body, and had concluded that ELF fields could not affect biological processes. With the Miller-Michaelson-Schwan trio to prompt the utility lawyers, the cross-examination of Marino and Becker went on for 17 days.

In the meantime, Senator Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin had discovered the ad hoc report and was, according to an aide, "hopping mad." Nelson issued a press release stating that the Navy had apparently "kept the wraps on the existence of this report because it contains the very first scientific evidence that Sanguine would have an adverse environmental impact."

Due to Nelson's ire another Sanguine/Seafarer study was to be held; this time, it would be conducted by the National Academy of Sciences and chaired by Professor Woodland Hastings, the head of the department of biology at Harvard.

Professor Hastings wrote to Andrew Marino saying he had been told of Marino's "research contributions concerning the biological effects of low frequency radiation." As chairman of



DAVID TINNEY

A fluorescent bulb will light when held under a high-voltage wire.

the new NAS committee, Hastings wrote, he "would be pleased to have consultation" with Marino.

Marino telephoned Hastings and asked who else was to be on the new committee. The Navy had chosen nearly all members, Hastings replied. The members included Herman Schwan, Solomon Michaelson, and Mort Miller.

Marino told the professor about the PSC hearings currently being held in New York State. Power lines, he said, were 1 million times more powerful than Sanguine/Seafarer; three men who had been paid by a utility to testify that the lines were safe were hardly likely to perjure themselves, or jeopardize their interests, by finding a much weaker field to be dangerous. According to Marino, Hastings said he would quit unless the three men were removed from the group. He promised to put Becker and Marino on the committee.

Later, Marino called Hastings back. As Marino tells it, the professor said that all three men had filled out NAS "bias statements" to reveal possible vested interests; none had indicated that they were engaged in the New York hearings. To a question that asked whether or not the committee member owned stock in power companies and if so, whether the holdings totaled more than or less than $10,000, Mort Miller had checked "more." His stock holdings were in Niagara Mohawk, the company on whose behalf he had testified.

The first committee meeting was held, but Becker and Marino had heard nothing from Hastings about their own membership. They sent a letter to the National Academy, detailing the entire tawdry incident. The letter was reported in *Science*, the official journal of the academy.

A small tempest ensued in the august body; Schwan and Miller both wrote angry retaliations. But it was chairman Hastings of Harvard who made the most puzzling comment on the matter. He called the charges "ridiculous."

Today, two years after his committee has given Seafarer "a clean bill of health," Hastings insists that testifying for a

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utility "is not a basis for removing anyone from eligibility."

Hastings went on to tell *Saturday Review* that Marino and Becker have not even done work in ELF—forgetting, perhaps, his letter asking Marino to sit on his committee, as well as Becker's involvement with the ad hoc group. But the information Hastings volunteered about the hearings on utility lines was the most remarkable of his statements:

"The judge threw out the case with prejudice—ruled that Marino's not a believable witness, that he's evasive and deceitful. Here we were being attacked by people who ultimately were thrown out of a court of justice in that way. They've all been thrown out. These guys are all a bunch of quacks."

Given the fact that three of his committee members were engaged in the hearing, it seems difficult to believe that Hastings does not know that the Public Service Commission not only defended Andrew Marino's credibility in its final decision; it also ruled that the utilities had to purchase a large strip of land running under their power lines in order to keep people away from the electric field. Furthermore, it ordered that the utilities put part of their profits in a fund that would be used to support research on the biological effects of ELF.

But a double checking of that decision led to the discovery of yet another ignominious act.

In a PSC hearing, the first step is a recommended decision by the judges who are present at the hearings. The PSC itself then reviews the record and issues a final judgment.

While the final judgment did indeed support Andrew Marino, the recommended decision was startlingly antagonistic to him. Though 31 experts had testified at the hearing, almost one-third of the recommended decision—49 pages of 156—was devoted exclusively to Andrew Marino, his single rat experiment, and his credibility. His work was termed "reckless, inaccurate, careless, and unsupported." He was called "evasive and argumentative." Incredibly, Judges Thomas Matias and Harold Colbeth admitted the NAS committee report into the record to show that the "distinguished, nationally known scientists" who had developed the report "disagree with the essential opinions and conclusions advanced by Dr. Marino in this hearing"—this, despite the fact that three of these "distinguished scientists" were paid to testify for the utilities in this very hearing!

Honesty and morality are as essential to American science as genius.

What on earth was going on here? Judge Colbeth's files contained the answers. Through the Freedom of Information Act, Marino obtained correspondence between Judge Colbeth and Asher Sheppard, a researcher who at the time worked at the Brain Research Institute at UCLA. Sheppard had received $5,250 to "furnish assistance in evaluating conflicting testimony of biophysicists." Judge Colbeth had directed Sheppard to "discuss his conclusions as to which positions are the more persuasive. We hope to put your report bodily into our decision with a few language changes for consistency of style."

This arrangement, in and of itself, is not illegal; many judges request and receive expert advice. The agreement would become questionable if the decision Sheppard wrote contained new information—it is a violation of due process to base a judgment on material not presented in a hearing—or if Asher Sheppard had reasons for being biased.

As for the possibility that Asher Sheppard was biased: The outcome of the hearing, obviously, is vital to all utilities. Asher Sheppard was once employed by Con Edison. At the same time that he was preparing the decision, moreover, he was writing a report for the American Electric Power Company, entitled "The Biological Effects of Electric and Magnetic Fields of Extremely Low Frequency." Sheppard left one more track of footprints across his report. His boss at UCLA was Dr. Ross Adey, who discovered that ELF fields increase the flow of calcium from the brain, possibly affecting the cortex. Adey's work was heatedly criticized during the hearings. Not a word of that criticism landed in the recommended decision, an imbalance, to say the least, compared to the 49 pages of criticisms of Andrew Marino.

Though the hearing is over now, the testimony delivered has recently resulted in two significant developments.

The Department of Energy is now paying $1.5 million for another rat study (Marino conducted the original experiment at the cost of $3,000). The head of the division of DOE that oversees studies on ELF, Robert Flugam, has stated publicly that he already believes power lines to be safe. He has also commented that until experimental data can be obtained to disprove the rat study, the course of action to be taken is to discredit Marino. But Flugam, of course, is not the only person who sits on the peer review board that oversees the rat study. Also on the board are Sol Michaelson and several utility executives, including one from Niagara Mohawk.

The controversy surrounding the rat experiment has also elicited what is undoubtedly the most significant development in the ELF debate. During the course of the hearing, Sol Michaelson severely criticized Becker and Marino for saying that the rats exhibited signs of stress. Michaelson contended that the rats showed no such debilitation; and even if they did, he added, stress can be good for you.

But the great doctor-philosopher Hans Selye has something interesting to add to these comments. Selye himself first described the biophysical effects of stress, showing that the condition elicits certain measurable hormonal responses in man. Selye told *SR* that both microwaves at nonthermal levels and ELF fields from power lines can cause stress. He also stated that the contention that such stress is good is "far-fetched. While I have shown that stress is good for many people, I would not say that applies to electromagnetic stress."

The fact that Selye would take such a stand is essential to this tale; his unassailable credentials cannot be questioned or discredited. Selye, however, went a step further: He said that the real experts on ELF were in the United States, and that their research was the work to be depended upon. He sent a sampling of 18 such reports from his library; among them were two written by Becker and Marino.

Even the remarks of a scientist as respected as Hans Selye, however, fail to provide the layman with a magic solution to the electromagnetic dilemma. The average American hasn't the background to determine the effects of electric waves. Moreover, even the most concerned environmentalists would never suggest that radar and power lines be disassembled; they are vital threads in the fabric of American life.

There are a few conclusions, however, that the layman is qualified and indeed justified in accepting. The first is that metal balls and calculations cannot determine what is or is not a dangerous assault on internal organs; the secret splendors of the human body do not reveal themselves on graph paper. Nor will we discover much with experiments designed to give us pre-planned, fabricated results.

But perhaps the most important conclusion for the layman is that honesty and morality are as essential to American science as genius. "The threat to intellectual freedom is a threat to the independence and worth of the human personality, a threat to the meaning of human life," writes Soviet physicist and dissident Andrei Sakharov. "It is essential that we not restrict our research to that done in a government controlled program; otherwise we might be tempted to avoid 'unpleasant' subjects and questions."

Perhaps the time has come to question a government that endangers its people in the name of defending them; an industry that pursues the quality of life at the expense of public health; and those scientists whose technological wonders today may threaten nature's own wonders tomorrow. ◉

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BREAKING THE BANK

The Community Reinvestment Act

by Michael Massing

Local groups consider the new Community Reinvestment Act a crucial weapon in their battle against such practices as redlining.

THE BANKING INDUSTRY has long been one of the most highly regulated sectors of the American economy. Bank executives grumble, only half in jest, that they can't even paint their offices without getting the color approved by the federal government. But, despite the grousing, most bankers reconciled themselves to government scrutiny, which, after all, did not distract them from the main business at hand: maximizing profits. As long as their loans were safe and sound, and their employees kept their hands out of the till, banks had little to fear from their public overseers. But now all that is changing. A new federal law for the first time injects standards of social responsibility into the bank regulatory process. Rather than concentrate solely on how to get the best return on the buck, bankers now must also consider the credit needs of their local communities. And, if they don't, the measure enables community groups to bring a challenge against a bank's operations—a prospect that causes fear and trembling among bankers across the U.S.

The law, claims Saul Klaman, president of the National Association of Mutual Savings Banks, is "earth-shattering" in its implications. Indeed, the tremors are beginning to be felt throughout the country. Neighborhood groups have challenged branch applications by savings and loan associations in Toledo, Ohio, and San Bernardino, California, and have protested a proposed merger by a bank holding company in St. Louis. Federal regulators recently rejected a branch application by the Greater New York Savings Bank because of its poor lending record. And in Cleveland, Denver, and San Diego, citizens' organizations are sitting down to discussions with their local bankers.

The law that has spurred this flurry of activity and, in the process, heightened debate over the proper extent of a bank's social obligations, is itself a model of simplicity. The Community Reinvestment Act of 1977 (CRA) boils down to the requirement that federal bank regulators use their authority to "encourage" financial institutions—commercial banks, savings banks, and S and Ls—"to help meet the credit needs of the local communities in which they are chartered, consistent with the safe and sound operation" of those institutions. The act stipulates that special attention be paid to the credit needs of "low- and moderate-income neighborhoods."

The bite behind this relatively innocuous language is contained in the regulations for compliance issued jointly last November by the four federal bank supervisory agencies (the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp., Federal Reserve Board, Comptroller of the Currency, and Federal Home Loan Bank Board). These guidelines instruct bank examiners, during their annual inspection visits, to determine how conscientious the bank has been in meeting the needs of its local community. They must now include in their reports not only traditional information about the soundness of the bank's loans but also such novel data as the volume and geographic distribution of the bank's real-estate loans and its efforts to market its credit services.

If the institution falls short in these areas, the agencies are expected to use their moral suasion—which is considerable—to spur compliance with the law. And should that fail, the CRA grants regulators the considerable power to deny a bank's application for a branch, merger, or acquisition. In an era when expansion and consolidation are the very lifeblood of the industry, such a sanction constitutes a weighty stick.

The CRA marks a major change of emphasis in the traditional "convenience and needs" standard used to evaluate applications for a branch, merger, or acquisition. In the past, federal agencies have required a bank simply to show that a new facility would offer needed services to the public without unduly damaging the operations of neighboring institutions. Now the focus has shifted to the bank's past and present lending record. As Senator William Proxmire, principal sponsor of the measure, told Congress during floor action on the bill, the CRA affirms that " 'convenience and needs' does not just mean drive-in teller windows and Christmas club accounts. It means loans."

Especially housing loans. The CRA is the strongest federal response yet to the growing body of evidence that banks have curtailed their lending operations in declining inner-city neighborhoods—a practice known in more politically charged terms as "redlining." The law is an offspring of the country's anti-redlining movement, which, since its inception in the early 1970s, has spawned hundreds of grass-roots organizations concerned with halting urban blight.

These groups have been particularly active in the metropolitan centers of the Northeast and Midwest, where once-viable areas like New York's South Bronx have degenerated into vast pockmarks on the region's cityscapes. Tenants' groups have laid much of the blame for such decay at the door of local banks, citing the transfer of funds generated from neighborhood depositors to construction-boom areas of the Sunbelt, where interest rates are generally higher. Now they hope to use the CRA to reverse that flow.

The community's demands for local investment, on the one hand, and bankers' steadfast determination to maximize returns, on the other, came to a head over the application by the Brooklyn-chartered Greater New York Savings Bank for a new branch in Man-

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When Greater New York refused mortgages to Park Slope residents, local leaders persuaded depositors to withdraw $863,000.

hattan. A federal hearing on the request last fall was, in effect, a culmination of two years of confrontation between the $1.7-billion bank and residents of Brooklyn's Park Slope area, where the bank has two of its 16 branches, including its oldest and largest office.

Park Slope is one of New York's most picturesque, and most heterogeneous, neighborhoods. To the east, where the district abuts Prospect Park, rows of elegant, closely packed brownstone townhouses hark back to an earlier period of urban America, when the East Coast's booming prosperity found expression in the construction of proud, sober residences. Gas lamps still light the way on some of the older blocks. Most of the residents here are professional couples, now families, who bought up Park Slope's relatively cheap housing in the 1960s and renovated it, contributing to New York's "brownstone revival."

A mere 10-minute walk to the west, however, lies an avenue that has seen better times. The street, once a thriving commercial zone, has been given over to pizza parlors, thrift shops, coin laundries, and seedy bars. A number of storefronts are boarded up, the victims of abandonment or fire. Unemployed teenagers gather on street corners, a beer in one hand and a huge blaring radio in the other. The side streets leading off the avenue are home to many of the low- and moderate-income blacks and Puerto Ricans who moved into Park Slope a decade ago, replacing many of the neighborhood's blue-collar whites as they left for the suburbs.

The changing composition of the neighborhood's population—30-40 percent of which was now made up of minorities—caused virtually all Brooklyn savings banks to withdraw from the Park Slope housing market in these years. Then, as the neighborhood began stabilizing in the mid-1970s, and its volatile mix of races and classes attained a mutual, if uneasy, acceptance, most Brooklyn-based banks elected to re-enter the mortgage business in Park Slope. One that chose not to, however, was Greater New York.

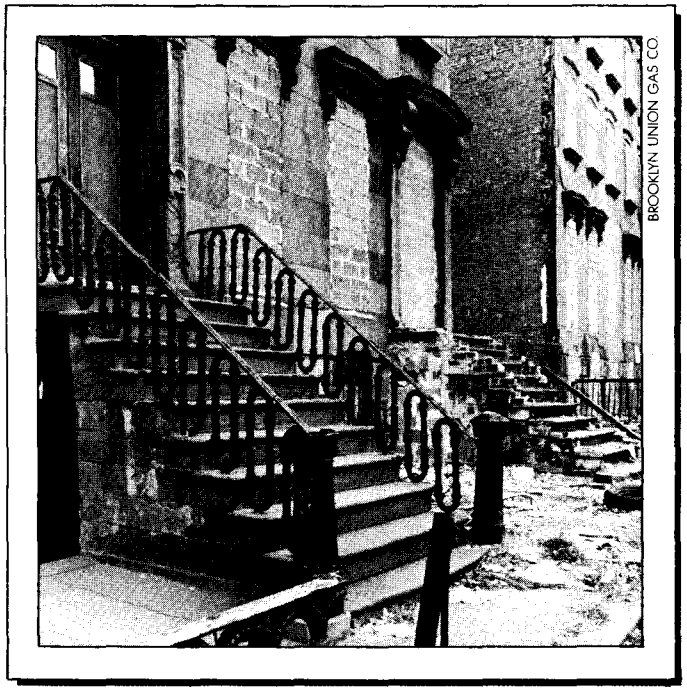
In 1977 Eileen Tweedy, then a systems engineer for IBM, approached the bank about a possible mortgage for a Park Slope brownstone she and her husband wanted as a change from their high-rise apartment building in Manhattan. "Greater New York offered us an absurdly low amount of money," she now recalls. "The mortgage officer told us on the phone that we weren't offered more because we didn't need the money. He counseled us to sell our stocks and bonds instead. I felt they must be out of their minds." The Tweedys, like many others who approached Greater New York, sought, and finally obtained, financing from another Brooklyn savings bank.

Greater New York's refusal to offer mortgages or rehabilitation loans irked Herb Steiner, owner of a small Park Slope factory that manufactures postage-stamp dispensers. A resident of the neighborhood since 1971, Steiner organized like-minded neighbors into a community group, South Brooklyn Against Investment Discrimination (AID), to bring pressure on the bank's lending policies. "At our first meeting with bank officials," says Steiner, "they threw crime, rent control, and the South Bronx at us. The impression they gave us was, 'What institution in its right mind would invest in this hellhole?'"

When subsequent meetings produced similar acrimony, AID escalated its anti-redlining tactics. It hung red banners from the bank's facade, proclaiming it "Big Red." It released red balloons into the air and painted a thick red line around the bank building. When the bank still refused to budge, the group decided to play its trump card. For months, members manned tables at nearby street corners, preparing for a "withdrawal week." Some 1,200 of the bank's depositors signed pledge cards committing themselves to withdrawing their funds. Finally, in July 1977, AID called in its markers, and by week's end $863,000 had been withdrawn from the bank and deposited in financial institutions with better local lending records.

Still the bank held fast, and AID began the tedious process of preparing a second withdrawal week. Then, the week before this new offensive was to be carried out, the bank relented, agreeing to an "affirmative action" program by which it pledged to originate $25 million in New York City mortgages in 1978, including $2.5 million for Park Slope.

While the bank did approach those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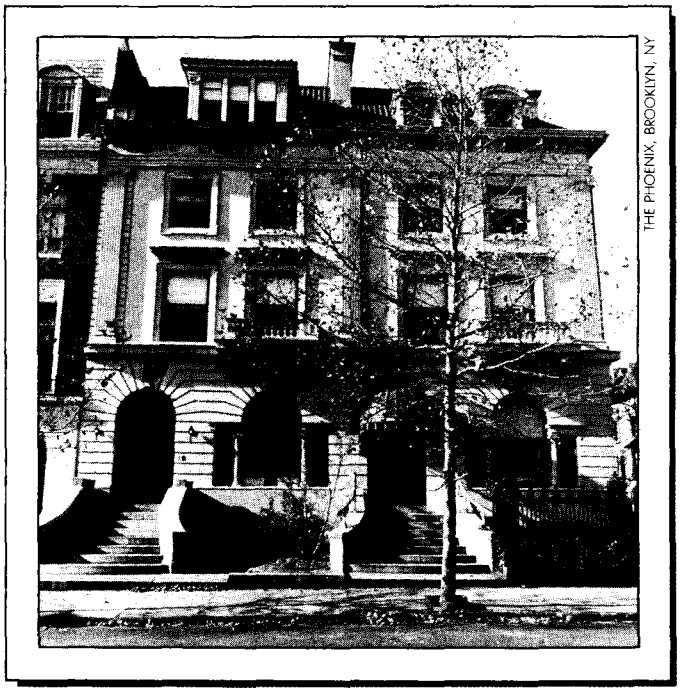
THE PHOENIX, BROOKLYN, NY

In Brooklyn's Park Slope neighborhood, crumbling homes and boarded-up storefronts stand only blocks away from rows of elegant brownstones.

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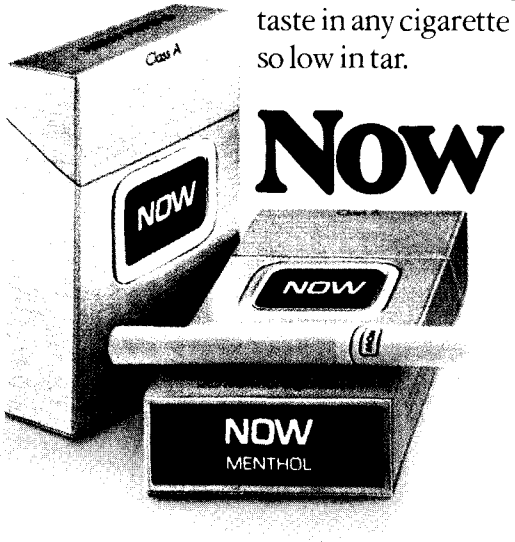

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The chairman of the First National Bank of Chicago denounces the new law as "an attempt to do good with other people's money."

targets, AID was not appeased. Steiner felt that the sums involved were trivial; his analysis of the bank's finances showed that in 1977, only 4 percent of Greater New York's real estate investment went for conventional, i.e., non-government-insured mortgages; a full 36 percent was earmarked for the purchase of certificates of the Government National Mortgage Association (Ginnie Mae), which mostly originate in the rapidly growing Sunbelt states.

It was in the midst of this standoff, in April 1978, that Greater New York applied to the FDIC for approval of a new branch on Manhattan's upper East Side, the city's silk-stocking district. To Park Slope residents, the move seemed but a further indication of the bank's efforts to distance itself from Brooklyn, and they were intent on calling that fact to the attention of federal regulators.

In the past, AID would have had few hopes of actually stopping the application from going through, given the prevailing interpretation of public "convenience and needs." But things were to be different this go-round. A few months earlier, the CRA had become law, and AID moved quickly to test its procedures for challenges to branch applications. The group submitted to the FDIC an 85-page petition documenting its redlining charges. At a November meeting with bank officials and federal regulators in the FDIC's regional headquarters in Manhattan, AID members claimed the mortgage record of Greater New York was a "shame and a scandal."

Then, in April, in the first such action under the CRA, the FDIC rejected the bank's branch application. Though Greater New York's mortgage record had improved in recent months, declared the FDIC, the bank's lending activity "cannot yet be said to be at an acceptable level."

GREATER NEW YORK'S operations are managed from its stately colonial-style building on Madison Avenue in midtown Manhattan. Bank president Jerome Maron says the CRA has "forced me to choose between Scylla and Charybdis." The bank will comply with the law by more actively seeking loans in Park Slope and other Brooklyn neighborhoods, says Maron, but at the same time, he asks, "What does fiduciary responsibility entail?" His swift response: "Getting the best return."

Maron says the bank's conscious emphasis on purchasing Ginnie Mae certificates, rather than on originating local mortgages, is dictated by simple economic logic. The certificates are not only insured against loss, he points out; they also produce greater returns than do loans within New York State, where they are subject to interest ceilings. "If I provide a mortgage here at below the market rate," he queries, "does that qualify as a bad loan?" Maron estimates that the $20 million in conventional loans that Greater New York extended last year cost the bank $250,000 to $500,000 in lower interest rates and servicing charges.

Maron's position is shared by most of his colleagues. The hemorrhaging of funds from New York and Ohio to California and Texas, they argue, is a necessary if unfortunate consequence of variations in demand generated by a free-enterprise system. "We in the Northeast are suffering, but can we lock up money so it stays in certain census tracts?" asks Craig G. Ford, senior vice president at Mellon National Bank in Pittsburgh. "The reason the national

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economy has been able to grow is that we have operated on the basis of the free transfer of capital and return without arbitrary barriers."

Moneymen are particularly apprehensive at being cast in an unfamiliar social role, entrusted with duties they consider best left to the public sector. A. Robert Abboud, chairman of The First National Bank of Chicago, recently denounced the law as an attempt "to do good deeds with other people's money, namely with the money that stockholders and depositors have entrusted to banks and thrifts."

But, in the era of Proposition 13, the $2-3 trillion in assets that banks control is being looked to as a prime source of urban aid. The CRA, says Marcy Kaptur, a member of the White House domestic policy staff, will perform a key function in the administration's effort to "put the pieces in place for a much greater involvement for the banking community" in local revitalization—a role the Carter White House is increasingly reluctant to play. At the same time, the CRA dovetails with the President's announced intention of decentralizing urban policy by stimulating input from neighborhood groups and community development corporations.

The ultimate impact of the CRA depends largely on how strictly federal regulators enforce it. If the Greater New York case is any indication, America's bankers will have their hands full. The bank has sought to divert the wrath of the FDIC by announcing a liberalized mortgage policy for Brooklyn and sending its branch managers into the field to inform local real-estate men of the bank's change of heart. If the turnabout is judged a genuine one, the FDIC could yet approve its branch application as early as next year.

But however strict federal agencies choose to be, financial institutions will have to contend with tough surveillance from their own local regulators—the community itself. Already Missouri ACORN (Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now), a statewide citizens' group, has taken the Federal Reserve Board to court over its rejection of a challenge to a local merger. Such actions are likely to multiply in the months ahead as community groups attempt to sharpen, and bankers to blunt, the law's teeth.

"We have staying power," says Herb Steiner. "We've been working for over 2 years now; we could go on for 10. We've shown that we can mobilize individuals, and now we've gotten a law on the national level. Add together these two things, and we're part of an irresistible wave."

Michael Massing is a freelance writer living in New York.

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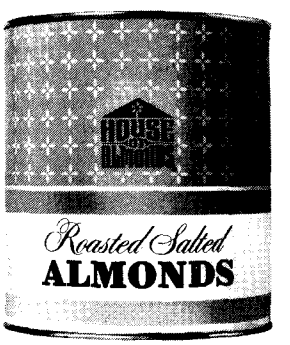

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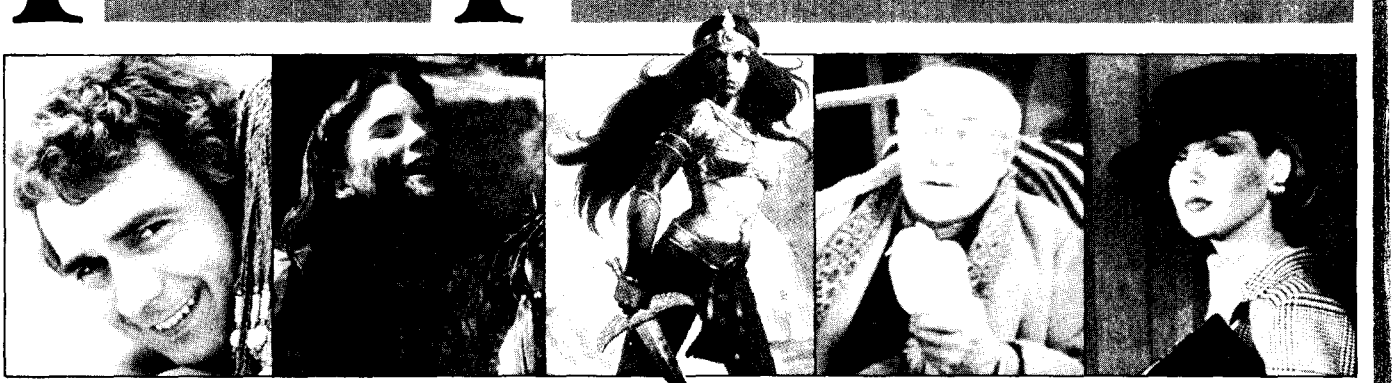
FALL FORECAST



FILM TELEVISION BOOKS MUSEUMS FASHION

Can it be? The last bass has been caught and cooked, shell collections have been put away uncatalogued, the poison ivy is a mere tickle on the memory, and the optimistic, expensive tans fade even as we watch. Yet another inevitable, portentous fall is upon us, with the primal gloom of shortening days and the up-to-date anxiety of rising heating-oil prices. Officials shrug and point out that hard days are ahead, as if we might not know.

But for lovers of the arts and letters, fall is the best of times, an anachronistic primavera when everything comes to life after the long summer slouch. *Saturday Review* has asked five observers of the cultural scene to shake the sand out of their shoes and forecast what we will see during the months ahead—in film, books, television, museums, and that ephemeral bellwether of our collective psyche, fashion.

FILM

Among Hollywood-watchers of both amateur and professional standing, a number of issues incite fiery debate, yet perhaps the most volatile of all is the question of who the real powers are in shaping what we see on the screen. Idealistic aesthetes insist on the notion of the director as *auteur*, while hard-boiled economists aver that it is the packagers and promoters who really control the destiny of the movies. Actually, both positions have their points—depending, oddly enough, on the season of the year you happen to be talking about. Summertime fare, aimed at the line of least mass-marketing resistance, is a dealmaker's dream—peddling the latest chapter in a continuing trendy cycle (*Alien, Prophecy, Moonraker*), or lessons in star-worship *in excelsis* (*The Main Event, Rocky II*). For the most part, in films like these, the director is just another hired technician, whose professional efficiency is far more to the point than any personal commitment he may have to the material at hand. Who even remembers the director of, say, *Sidney Sheldon's Bloodline*? (Did anyone actually *direct Bloodline?*)

Clayburgh as Bertolucci's unmarried woman.

Yet anyone fearing the demise of the strong director need only look at the upcoming films for the autumn to be reassured that such suspicions are premature. Hollywood traditionally saves its more ambitious entries for cooler weather, if only from the belief that year-end award-givers are afflicted with amnesia when it comes to anything that might have emerged before Labor Day. More often than not, these projects have been conceived by the directors at the helm from the beginning, probing subjects that eschew a blockbuster mentality. This year should prove no exception—while the summer's excitement was provided by special-effects gargoyles and such human equivalents as Streisand and Stallone, the fall by all indications will be shaped by a host of directors with a pungent angle of vision and a proven taste for taking risks.

With its mid-August premiere, Francis Coppola's tempest-tossed *Apocalypse Now* (United Artists) has jumped the seasonal gun a bit, but the renegade determination of this film-maker carries with it implications that extend beyond the vagaries which have surrounded this production. A lot more is riding on the public response to this project than the success or failure of one movie.

Three years after the rigors of his own *Apocalypse*—namely that four-hours-plus polemical fresco *1900*, Bernardo

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Bertolucci has reemerged. His newest film, *Luna* (20th Century-Fox), is scheduled to premiere this fall at the New York Film Festival, and from advance reports it could scarcely be more divergent from his last controversy-ridden effort. Where *1900* was a politically inflammatory saga of social classes in conflict, *Luna* deals with the self-discovery of an American opera singer (Jill Clayburgh) working in Italy, specifically focusing on her ambiguous relationship with her teenage son, played by newcomer Matthew Barry. (The film was initially conceived as a vehicle for Liv Ullmann, set in Brooklyn of all places.) *Luna* hardly represents a total rupture from Bertolucci's past work—opera has been a strong leitmotif in his films ever since *Before the Revolution*, and such Bertolucci stalwarts as Alida Valli and Laura Betti have been announced for the supporting cast. At the same time, Bertolucci avers that *Luna* is intended to be an optimistic, life-affirming effort which is intentionally devoid of political overtones—and the prospect of this kind of about-face is intriguing at the very least.

This fall will also mark the return after a relatively long hiatus of two other significant directors. It's been three years since John Schlesinger's last film, that dubious occasion having been the pit-baiting melodrama *Marathon Man*. His current *Yanks* (Universal) augurs a return to the theme of human tenderness in adverse circumstances

GEORGE WHITEAR

Schlesinger and Gere at Yanks *shooting.*

that he once handled with such sensitivity in *Midnight Cowboy* and *Sunday Bloody Sunday*. Set in England during World War II, *Yanks* deals with the uneasy adjustment of wartime Britons to the arrival of phalanxes of American GIs in preparation for the invasion of Europe. Specifically, the plot concentrates on the parallel relationships that develop between a pair of American servicemen and Englishwomen of two generations, respectively represented by Richard Gere/ Lisa Eichhorn and William Devane/Vanessa Redgrave. Reminiscent though it sounds of last spring's exercise in low kitsch, *Hanover Street*, Schlesinger's past record gives hope of something far more satisfying.

Scheduled as a major Christmas release, *All That Jazz* (20th Century-Fox) is Bob Fosse's first movie since *Lenny*, in 1975; two stage musicals and a serious bout with illness filled the intervening time. The fact that the title of his new film echoes a lyric from his Broadway effort *Chicago* is hardly coincidental—Fosse has apparently used his personal vicissitudes as the material for a film *à clef* with a vengeance. In *All That Jazz* an acclaimed director-choreographer (impersonated by Roy Scheider) is in the throes of finishing a film and preparing a stage musical when felled by a heart attack. While recuperating he examines the tangle of his personal and professional life, replete with his toast-of-Broadway ex-wife and ambitious girlfriends present and future. The casting of the film only adds to the labyrinth of showbiz references; included in the roster are Ben Vereen and Ann Reinking, both of whom have worked with Fosse on the stage, and Cliff Gorman, who originated the role of Lenny Bruce which Dustin Hoffman assumed on screen under Fosse's tutelage.

Scheider, Erzsebet Foldie, in Fosse's latest.

A personal project of a different nature is the forthcoming *Nijinsky* (Paramount), the creation of another prominent dance-oriented film-maker, Herbert Ross. Ross tried for years to overcome the industry's resistance to this subject before the enormous financial success of *The Turning Point* proved that audiences could enjoy ballet as screen fare. Yet *The Turning Point* was, relatively speaking, a conventional gamble. How movie-goers will respond to the biographical content of *Nijinsky* remains moot at this point. To date, the movies generally remain noticeably wary where the topic of homosexuality is concerned, while Ross and screenwriter Hugh Wheeler have vowed to confront honestly Nijinsky's sexual and artistic dependency on Diaghilev, and the subsequent tug-of-war between his mentor and his wife Romola. The intriguing cast includes Alan Bates as Diaghilev, Leslie Browne as Romola, and an obscure young dancer named George De La Pena in the title role; also involved are Carla Fracci as Karsavina and the legendary British ballet great Anton Dolin as Italian dance master Cecchetti.

Nijinsky is the most ambitious of a small spate of fall films detailing the turbulent lives of well-remembered figures from our cultural past. John Byrum's *Heart Beat* (Orion) traces the friendship of those icons of the Beat Generation, Jack Kerouac (John Heard) and Neal Cassidy (Nick Nolte), and is based on the memoirs of Carolyn Cassidy (Sissy Spacek). In November Mark Rydell's *The Rose* (20th Century-Fox) makes its long-delayed appearance. The story of a self-destructive Sixties rock star à la Janis Joplin, it has been designed as a vehicle to propel that contemporary rowdy chanteuse Bette Midler from a coterie favorite to a film star of major magnitude.

Sexual hedonism in the Seventies will be the subject of Blake Edwards's *10* (Orion), which concerns a randy film composer (Dudley Moore) obsessed with the quest for a perfect sexual partner. *American Gigolo* (Paramount) should be another of Paul Schrader's studies in appalled fascination in the face of contemporary urban decadence, this time focusing on the travails of a high-class hustler, played by Richard Gere. The success of *An Unmarried Woman* last year has apparently spawned a handful of films concerned with post-separation malaise among affluent Manhattanites; however, this year the emphasis has shifted to the readjustments endured by the opposite sex. Alan J. Pakula's *Starting Over* (Paramount), which one studio higher-up has specifically designated "*An Unmarried Woman* in drag," details Burt Reynolds's attempt to romance Jill Clayburgh in particular and to cope with life in general after the departure of wife Candice Bergen, while *Kramer*

Midler as that self-destructive Sixties rose who gave up her bloom, and then her life.

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Dudley Moore, as randy film composer, and Bo Derek, as the girl of his dreams (he hopes).

vs. Kramer (Columbia), written and directed by Robert Benton, examines a tragicomic custody battle between Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep for their child after Streep has walked out in search of what *Manhattan* described as "selfhood." Whether these films represent a subtle undercurrent of anti-feminist backlash remains to be seen.

Christmas will mark the return of the multimillion-dollar extravaganza—audiences will be greeted by the latest obligatory sci-fi artifacts, à la Robert Wise's big screen adaptation of the *Star Trek* (Paramount) TV series, and the Disney Studios' *The Black Hole*, a mixed live-action and animation enterprise which they hope will extend their audiences past the pre-pubescent set.

Those who are beginning to wish that the Force would just go away once and for all may well be more intrigued by the imminent arrival of Steven Spielberg's *1941* (Columbia and Universal). A comic treatment of the fear of Japanese invasion which gripped California after Pearl Harbor, in terms of budget and magnitude it's probably the most ambitious film comedy since *It's a Mad Mad Mad Mad World*. Which would hardly constitute much of a recommendation, were it not for Spielberg's proven filmic panache welded with a sure instinct for satisfying public tastes.

Inevitably, disillusionment is bound to set in over such a lineup as this with the arrival of the first frosts of winter—every movie season is littered with the corpses of much-heralded projects that withered on exposure to public view. Nevertheless, with such a tantalizing array of intriguing efforts by some of our most gifted directors, this fall could well be the most satisfying period in recent film-going memory.

—Stephen Harvey

Mr. Harvey is coordinator of the Museum of Modern Art's film lecture series and film critic of Inquiry.

TELEVISION

It is revealing that no one wants to claim credit for the mush that permeates prime-time television. Everyone points a finger at somebody or something else. Out in Los Angeles, producers say they are serving up what the network programmers want, but the programmers respond that they in fact pick from the ideas submitted by producers. When all else fails, the blame falls on the ratings battle, the viewers, or even the press.

NBC's Fred Silverman, for example, finds the press hypocritical because it calls for better programs while at the same time it publishes a list of the week's ten top shows. Even Norman Lear, who should know better, has echoed that argument by saying that newspapers pay too much attention to money and numbers—which is like saying that the oil crisis is due to the excessive publicity given to OPEC prices.

With the new season upon us, I'd like to state as bluntly as possible what really underlies the appalling lack of diversity on prime time. Among the little men who dominate television there's no one big enough to challenge the absurd tyranny of a ratings system that the industry itself has shaped. If, as seems possible, cable TV begins to bite significantly into the network audience next year, we will get the variety the networks deny us—until cable TV comes under the sway of the very people and pressures that control commercial TV. Which, alas, seems all too likely.

No one more consummately shapes what we'll be seeing this fall than Fred Silverman. Perhaps naively, I expected some excitement when the legendary Freddy took over the presidency of NBC more than a year ago. Industry gospel had it that he was the best programmer in the business, favored with a golden gut; he was credited with fashioning the schedule that enabled CBS, and then ABC, to hegemonize prime time.

Muhammad Ali in a new act, Freedom Road.

Never mind that Silverman's initial innovations at NBC, such as *Supertrain*, proved disastrous; the new president really hadn't time to show his magic, or so it was said. Wait for the 1979–1980 season, the first true Silverman season. My hopes were quickened by Silverman's statesmanlike speeches on the need for quality. He invoked the hallowed name of Toscanini, once conductor of the NBC symphony, and he resurrected the network's peacock logo.

When the Silverman season was announced, I thought I heard Toscanini weeping. Daringly, NBC is bringing back Lucille Ball to develop new comedy series. What NBC grandly calls the "Big Events" will include three Bob Hope specials, *Mary and Joseph: A Story of True Love*, and something called *The Sensational, Shocking, Wild and Crazy 70s*. An adaptation of Howard Fast's *Freedom Road* will star ex-boxer Muhammad Ali.

Patty Duke Astin, Melissa Gilbert in yet another remake of The Miracle Worker.

Sequels and retreads abound. Besides *The Gathering: Part II* and *From Here to Eternity: The War Years*, NBC is offering another remake of *The Miracle Worker*, the William Gibson play about Helen Keller, and *Beggarman, Thief*, a continuation of Irwin Shaw's *Rich Man, Poor Man*, picking up where that miniseries left off on ABC four years ago. Here are four major new series as described in the verbatim prose of the NBC press release:

Buck Rogers in the 25th Century, the space-age hero based on the hit movie now in release comes to life in stories of high-energy adventure, science fiction with a touch of humor and romantic fantasy.

Shirley Jones stars in *Shirley*, a warm family comedy drama about a mother experiencing the joys and problems of suddenly becoming a single parent and moving from

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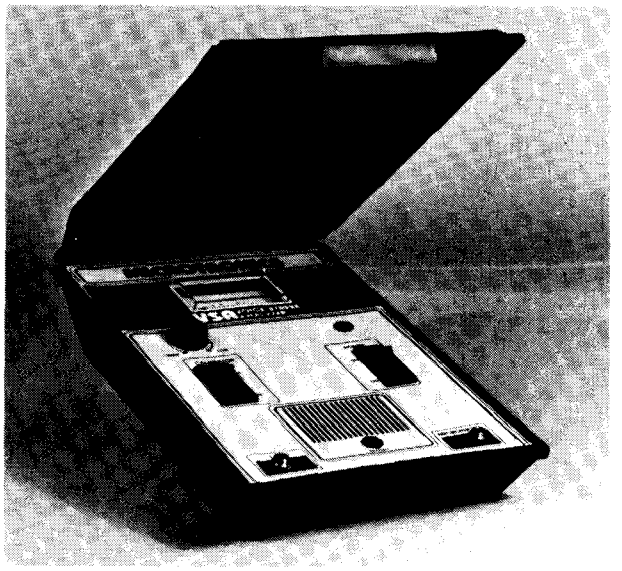

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BUSINESSMEN BECOME MIND READERS

In addition to police and intelligence agencies, many of the "Fortune 500" corporations have quietly been using voice stress analyzers for several years. Large industrial and retail companies use it to control employee theft and screen job applicants. And dozens of large insurance companies have been using voice stress analyzers to uncover false claims. They simply tape an interview with anyone filing a suspicious claim, then playback the recording and monitor it with a voice stress analyzer.

In the past only the largest, most profitable companies felt they could justify spending $1500 to $5000 to purchase a voice stress analyzer. However, like everything else in the electronics field, these high prices reflect the heritage of a prototype, and not the quality of a reliable voice stress analyzer.

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New York to Lake Tahoe with three free-spirited children.

The dynamic Joe Don Baker is *The Force* [it has since been renamed *Eischied*], New York City Chief of Detectives Earl Eischied, a role he created in the blockbuster NBC-TV mini-series *To Kill a Cop.*

The Man Called Sloane, the high-style adventures of a globe-trotting secret agent in stories of intrigue and suspense, much in the tradition of James Bond.

These listings defeat parody; the satirists on *Saturday Night Live* could hardly do more to convey the banality and the abject shoplifting of the Silverman season. You might imagine, since NBC has little to lose and nowhere to go but up, that Silverman would gamble on the existence of a silent majority ready for some genuinely different strokes. What he has given us instead is a Xerox copy of last year's *TV Guide.*

Fred Silverman, however, is not very different from his competitors, who are every bit as other-directed. Just as they once imitated his successes, he is now attempting to imitate theirs and his own. For all the pious talk about quality, if Arturo Toscanini were alive today his baton would not appear on network prime time. On commercial television, the only safety is in numbers, and that is the Silverman syndrome.

Small wonder, then, that cable TV has such a seductive appeal. Bursting with growth and recently liberated from bureaucratic restraints, cable now reaches one out of five viewers and is expected to serve a third of all TV households by 1981. To advertisers, this is the crucial percentage that will make it competitive with network television.

Outwardly, cable TV seems an answer to the frustrated viewer's prayers, but I have my doubts. The one dividend we get from the networks is a generally first-rate news operation, supported by revenues from advertisements. If network audiences diminish, and thereby diminish revenues, the most likely first casualty will be the news budget. And once cable passes the 30 percent threshold, pressure will rapidly build to open the new medium to advertising; cable may turn out to be network television, minus the news.

This likelihood is of course roundly denied by the aggressive cable promoters, but not for a minute should these disavowals be taken seriously. Advertising abhors a vacuum. Way back in 1922, when radio was in its infancy, Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, found it "inconceivable that we should allow so great a possibility for service to be drowned in advertising chatter." Broadcasting has repeatedly embarrassed the high-minded, and my own bet is that once cable ceases to be a novelty, it, too, will become a ratings junkie.

—Karl E. Meyer

BOOKS

"If you look over the various hardcover publishers' lists for this fall," said Roger Straus, president of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, "you will see quite a lot of solid books, any number of which might catch on strongly in the marketplace. At the same time, you will see that the prices of these books are very high, which is necessary on account of the costs of publishing, but dangerous."

This general observation by a man who is himself a major voice in quality publishing, particularly of imaginative literature, implicitly summarizes the present situation of the whole industry. That is, the spectrum of fall books is the result chiefly of two kinds of forces: personal (editorial and managerial decisions) and impersonal (market and economic factors). These are in turn much affected by a third very real force: uncertainty. Of the economic and market factors the most important is, of course, the continuing inflationary spiral coupled now with another recession—or "banana," as Alfred E. Kahn once called it. And publishing people are uncertain about how this inflationary recession will affect business next year.

"One theory," according to Betty Prashker, vice president and associate publisher for general books and trade paperbacks at Doubleday, "is that in a recession, and particularly in this one, people will tend to stay home and read more books, not just watch more television." At the same time, Prashker points out quickly, books for most people most of the time are discretionary purchases which are usually the first to be cut back in hard times. (A *New York Times* survey of hardcover best-sellers this past spring indicates that unit sales were down considerably from last year, especially fiction, though the fall lists are noticeably strong in fiction.) A number of publishers, including Doubleday and Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, have already cut several new titles, with more reductions to come.

Many readers, critics, and booksellers have been calling for fewer books for some time. But alas, fewer books do not necessarily mean better books. "Almost to the contrary," says Straus. "It means more books for known special interests and markets, often much higher priced, and more predictable 'big books' by 'name' authors on 'hot' subjects." It means, Prashker points out, fewer books in the broad "middle" range, books with lower (under 10,000) first-print runs and less advance, advertising, and promotional money on them. Many of these "middle" books are also at the center of creative imagination, social thought, and lasting culture. And they often sell in small but steady numbers year after year.

However, the lifetimes of all books seem to be getting shorter. "Publishers, at least the larger ones, can no longer depend on backlist sales to the extent that they used to," says Jack Macrae, president and editor of E.P. Dutton. Some of the forces behind this erosion of backlist business include need for capital, skyrocketing costs, managerial emphasis on cash flow, editorial emphasis on upcoming "big books," and the ordering pattern of the chain bookstores (see "B. Dalton: The Leader of the Chain Gang," *SR*, June 9). And according to Macrae, even the active shelf-life of new

Bantam's leading fall title, Urshurak*—Elves, wizards, and trade paperbacks are on the rise.*

books has gotten steadily shorter in the last decade. Perhaps to some extent these problems are the result of publishers' self-fulfilling prophecies: Only a few books will sell, and we must put most of our resources behind these. The rest will have to shift for themselves.

Obviously hardcover books are facing difficult times, but the area in most trouble is the mass-market paperback sector. Unit sales of mass paperbacks have been down and "flat" for some time, multiple copy sales (two or three different titles at once) are way down, and the rate of return of unsold copies is staggering. Marc Jaffe, president and editor-in-chief of Bantam Books, the leading mass-market publisher, says, "We're looking at every title very carefully before taking it on to see if it is really justified in market terms, and we're going to buy from the hardcover publishers only as many 'big books' as we absolutely need to maintain our publishing program." He indicated that Bantam was going to commission more original fiction. Jaffe was most enthusiastic about the continuing, and contrasting, phenomenal growth of the market for trade paperbacks (see Trade Winds, *SR* November 11, 1978), such as Bantam's leading fall title in this area, *Urshurak*, an original, graphically dazzling, large format fantasy tale by the Brothers Hildebrandt and Jerry Nichols. And the CBS-owned, third

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most powerful paperback imprint, Fawcett, is introducing its own trade paperback imprint, Columbine, this fall.

Naturally, publishers and editors continually try to spot trends and anticipate public demands. But as Peggy Brooks, senior editor at Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, points out, "Publishers try to have at least one entry on a lot of public interests, because most of the time they really don't know what's going to work." They almost always have to follow trends, and are rarely able to catalyze them with books like *Silent Spring* and *The Feminine Mystique*. Interestingly, there are very few new trends discernable in the fall lists, aside from the continued proliferation of biographies, memoirs, and autobiographies. Fantasy is in fact (no pun intended!) the one noticeable new "run," with examples on virtually every publisher's list. The prominent literary agent, Scott Meredith, notes that, "As the times get harder and the problems in the real world look less solvable, more and more best-sellers seem to be totally escapist."

Uncertainty about the market for a new book is, then, an especially strong factor influencing publishers in a time of "tight money." It accounts for the increasing prominence of market considerations over considerations of editorial quality in deciding what gets published. Julian Bach, another leading literary agent, says, "The most alarming trend in general publishing today is the accelerating dominance of sales and marketing executives and the decline of editors-in-chief and editorial directors." The danger is greatest, of course, in the large, conglomerate-owned houses, where the stakes and the overhead are very high and the profit margin is the ownership's ultimate concern. Leona Nevler, vice president and publishing director of Fawcett Books, argues that "the really good and successful editors are capable of making sound marketing judgments." Unfortunately, "really good" may be more a definition of survival than of excellence in many cases.

Publishers have to make money to stay in business and have to grow to remain in this system. From my own observations of this fall's lists, however, most publishers, no matter how large, could do more. There is a glut of entertainment, "gut response," and utilitarian books, and a dearth of solid and serious books on social issues or imaginative ideas. We need more singular fiction and poetry, deeper studies of the society, more sprightly works in religion, philosophy, science, and cultural history, and certainly more wit and satire. The age cries out for and has not yet found its Horace or its Swift, or even its Mencken. Somehow, Erma Bombeck just won't do.

—Walter Arnold

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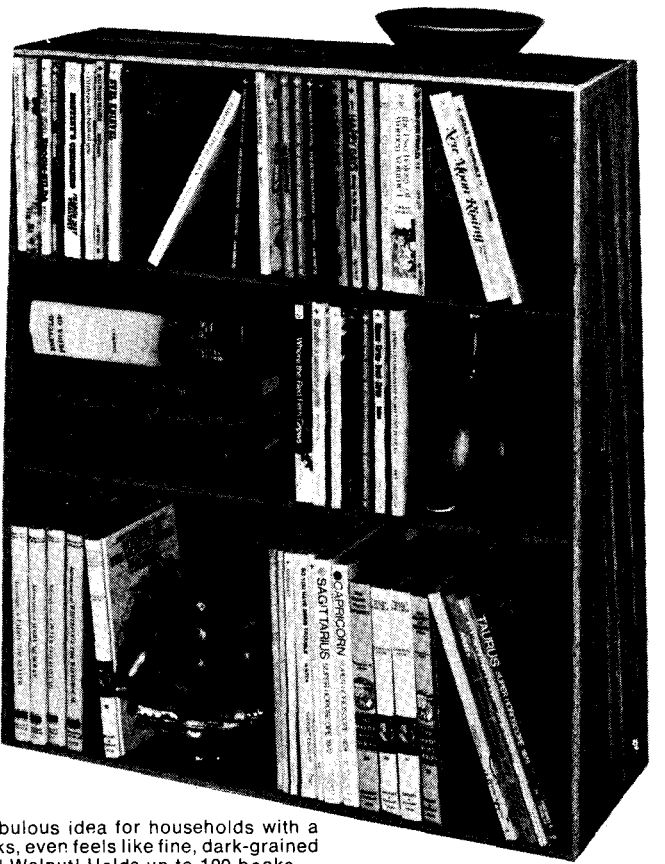

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MUSEUMS

"Storm, Yosemite Valley, California" (1934), Ansel Adams; Museum of Modern Art.

In a recent issue of a magazine famous for its cartoons, a cigar-smoking, bathing-suited man was pictured sitting by a swimming pool saying into a telephone: "I'm talking blockbuster, Harry. It's the only language I know."

The bluff hyperbolist is (we assume) a Hollywood producer. But change the setting—put the man into a dark, well-tailored suit in a walnut-paneled office—and with the same punch line the cartoon might accurately portray the very model of a modern museum director.

Increasingly, blockbuster is the language American museums are choosing to speak. Like Hollywood studios, our temples of the fine arts seem to be judged these days by their capacity to launch big, newsmaking exhibitions; and though no one in the museum community will come right out and admit it, potential shows are being assessed not only for their aesthetic and scholarly values, but also for their drawing power.

The Treasures of Tutankhamun road show, the *Jaws* of art exhibitions, is the most obvious case in point. Possibly the hottest ticket in museum history, the show of Egyptian objects from Tut's tomb was schemed for and fought over by several large museums, with the National Gallery in Washington, D.C., ultimately winning the prestigious prize of the opening.

Competition and combativeness among museums both large and small have heated up accordingly, and the role of curator/directors like the National's J. Carter Brown overlaps ever more with that of canny, aggressive entrepreneur.

Of course, museums have never been as decorous as they seemed, nor have they been altogether immune to the temptations of celebrity. But until the recent past, competition has tended to be over prime acquisitions, in a larger effort to build exemplary collections. The occasional crowd-pleasing moments, such as the Metropolitan Museum of Art's purchase of Rembrandt's "Aristotle Contemplating a Bust of Homer," were simply by-products of that process.

Now the struggle is starker. The era of large-scale acquisition is over, and from solid, entrenched positions the great institutions are slugging it out like the opposing armies at Verdun. The heaviest artillery is the big show, spearheaded by a media blitz and characteristically followed up by a motley train of prints, replicas, and T-shirts. To be fair, art is still the primary motivation of the big shows—though Tut may not have been the best Egyptian collection to be presented in America, it is probably the most perfectly self-contained—but the profitability of celebrity is increasingly attractive to institutions whose operating costs are skyrocketing. Directors can hardly ignore the way Tut fed and fattened on its own fame. As Michael Wright of Stone Public Relations, the international P.R. firm that handled some of the exhibition's publicity, put it, "The show seemed to have taken on a life of its own by the time it reached New Orleans."

"Henri Matisse, 1944," Henri Cartier-Bresson; International Center of Photography.

We are not, however, on the brink of some sort of cultural Armageddon, desperately in need of a high level Strategic Arts Limitations Treaty. On the contrary, keener competition has produced much for both scholars and art lovers to delight in. Blockbusters, after all, come in all shapes, sizes, and levels of quality. The same forces that produced the Tut show also produced an exquisite exhibition of drawings by Michelangelo at the Morgan Library in Manhattan and are producing such delights as a formidable Picasso show, to open next spring at New York's Museum of Modern Art; drawings, sculptures, and designs by Noguchi, which opened in San Francisco this past summer; and a large-scale retrospective of Henri Cartier-Bresson's virtuoso photojournalism to open at the International Center of Photography in Manhattan in November.

Inflation and the cost of mounting big shows have raised the ante far beyond the traditional means to pay. The Met has just increased its suggested contribution from $2 to $2.50, and other museums are expected to do the same, but such fees, however onerous to the public,

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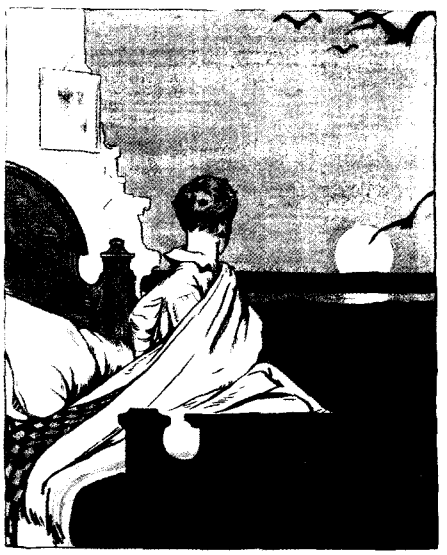
have never met more than a fraction of operating costs. The money needed merely to insure one Michelangelo drawing or painting like the "Benois Madonna" by DaVinci (centerpiece of the *Leonardo to Titian* show, which was bought in 1914 by Tsar Nicholas II for 1.5 million very fine old dollars) is beyond the reach of most museums at this time.

The answer can be found in any advertisement—another new cost—for a blockbuster, in the quietly but always clearly placed name of the sponsors—usually private corporations and federal funds. Public television has long been tapping corporate cultural money, but museums have only recently begun to realize that many companies have a percentage of their profits that they want to give away, for reasons variously pure and practical. In 1978, American business contributed $250 million to arts programs ranging from television ballet specials to some fairly esoteric photography shows. During the past couple of years most major art attractions have been substantially helped along by affiliations between corporations and museums. Tut's triumphal tour was largely underwritten by Exxon, as was the Dresden exhibition. Much of the backing for the Morgan's Michelangelo coup came from Philip Morris. And Springs Mills is funding a series of American photography shows at the Modern which has so far included Jerry Dantzic's panoramas and Frank Gohlke's studies of grain elevators in the Midwest.

Whatever the reasons, the year to come will bring more corporation money into museum activities. IBM is the angel for the Picasso spectacular; Exxon will sponsor a show of young British artists at the Guggenheim Museum in New York and a Shakespeariana mixed-media display put together by Washington's Folger Library (to open in San Francisco on October 6); Springs Mills' involvement with photography at the Modern continues with the current Ansel Adams show; and Philip Morris is behind an exhibition of Edward Hopper's rarely seen commercial illustrations now at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York.

Da Vinci's "Benois Madonna," one of the works in the Armand Hammer Foundation's From Leonardo to Titian.



"Boy and Moon" (ca. 1906), Edward Hopper; Whitney Museum of American Art.

As the success of traveling museum shows and the benefits to corporate sponsors are seen by less art-oriented companies, more money will doubtless be pressed on unreluctant museums. It seems almost inevitable that one day soon no exhibition of any size will be without its corporate angel. Whether this will effect the quality and content of future shows remains to be seen, but with the high rollers in the game, museums may never be quite the same again.

—Owen Edwards

Picasso's "Girl Before a Mirror" (1932), Museum of Modern Art.

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FASHION

There are no wind tunnels in fashion. No flotation tanks in which to gauge the smooth flow of moving water past a cunningly curved hull. No elaborately programmed computer models by which to be guided. There are no objective standards, there is no science. There is only instinct, sensitivity, artistry, timing. There is only cloth, draped on a body, and some fussy little man or woman with pins in his mouth and a sketching pencil held in attenuated fingers.

To talk about the forces, the influences working on fashion in any season is difficult. There are so few benchmarks. For many years now no single, dominating creative force has shaped world, or even American, fashion. Balenciaga, Chanel, Dior, Norell are all dead. The survivors, especially the Americans—Blass, Halston, Klein, Lauren—have rather sensibly opted for success rather than triumph. How much better to win battles than to perish assaulting impregnable positions.

There are perhaps one or two exceptions. In Paris Saint Laurent and Cardin continue to attempt to break new ground. They do not always succeed. But they are always interesting. In this country a slender Greek from Philadelphia named Jimmy Galanos hammers at the creative forge in an adobe factory on Sepulveda Boulevard or another of those faceless, sunbaked, desolate streets in the Los Angeles sprawl.

Because these three, and, let us be fair, one or two others, have the courage to make mistakes, they are closely watched by the rest of the fashion apparat. By rival designers, by the mass production ready-to-wear houses of Seventh Avenue, by the great stores and the elegant boutiques, by the fashion magazines, and by the fashion editors of a thousand papers across the republic.

This year's fall-winter collection of French couture fashion, the photos of which are in this month's *Vogue*, the adaptations of which are in the windows along Fifth Avenue and Rodeo Drive right now, was first put on display during the sweltering week of July 23. Bastille Day hangovers barely healed and on the Avenue Georges V the mannequins were wearing cossack boots and sable. American clothes, produced in much greater numbers, were in the distributive pipeline even earlier. A mammoth fashion enterprise like Jonathan Logan works a full year ahead, orders cloth 18 months to two years in advance.

But what is it that influences the fashion gamblers? Why do skirts rise one season, fall the next? What presidium dictates stiff, mannish English tailoring one year and soft, flowing, billowing chiffon the next? Who decrees that pants are out and skirts back in? Where did the past summer's delightfully slit skirts come from?

In July I was in Venice. The hot Italian designer these days is Giorgio Armani. I did not know his work and I was curious. At a charity ball, very chi-chi, Armani showed his fall collection. Now, you understand, these are the clothes that are in Bloomingdale's right now. But he had first shown them last spring, in April, to the buyers and the professional press.

Armani is a very pleasant man. He is in the mainstream of world fashion. This collection, all broad shoulders and crisply marked waists, proves that. Mantailoring, a lot of it. That is what is coming in. What is going out are the soft, generous clothes of the past few seasons. The operative fashion word this fall is fit. Fit and more fit. The corset manufacturers rejoice. So do the diet doctors. Armani breaks no new ground. That is not his thing. He sniffs the fashion air, he reads *Women's Wear Daily*, he buys his cloth from the same handful of great fabric houses that supply all the world class designers.

DAVID LEES/© 1979 TIME INC.

The hot Italian designer (today), Giorgio Armani, and one of his latest creations.

And he is influenced, as all the others are, by the cultural and subcultural forces always at work, often subconsciously, on sensitive, creative people. His clothes, the clothes of all the important designers, are the product of the world around them.

The great designer inhales the air around him, he touches the pulse of his environment. And then, like the sculptor, he chips away the negative stone, discards what seems wrong, retains and builds on what seems right. It is a dramatically imprecise craft. Marc Bohan, the Dior designer, and Yves Saint Laurent visit black Africa the same year. They both go on safari. They return to Paris and in the very next collection both show safari jackets as the backbone of their new suit shape. The jackets are different (the men are bitter rivals) but they both derive from the same inspiration. The same safari jacket has been seen through two lenses. If a designer is not influenced by the world around him, the films, the serious art, the great events, a new love, a new building, the first visit to a foreign country, then he lacks sensitivity and is in the wrong business. He should be bottling the waters for Perrier, selling securities for Merrill Lynch.

This fall the clothes are fitted. The shoulders definite. The waists clearly marked. A thousand variations are played on the same theme. But the theme remains. Why?

Because soft, easy, slouchy clothes have held stage long enough. Because fashion by its definition is change. Because, as with Detroit, you run fishtails for a few years and then square off the fenders for a few more. Built-in obsolescence, it is called. It is no more evil, nor virtuous, in fashion than in auto design.

Clothes are not intended to last. I know an Englishman who is still wearing his grandfather's Burberry, but you know what I mean. A man called Rudi Gernrich, who is considered something of a fashion intellectual, once held that the most sensible garment of all was the Chinese worker's blue denim coverall. And, if clothes were simply body-covering, I suppose Rudi was right. But clothes are something more. Not necessarily something more important, but they have another dimension: the power to please, to flatter, to alter, to divert.

A good designer works by guess and by God. Instinct and color sense and timing and taste. Those and the movie he saw the night before and the Wedgwood blue eyes of the person with whom he is currently empassioned, and every other visceral or cognitive impulse raining down on the sensitive designer as he bows his head under the avalanche of outside forces in a sort of "Future Shock" of influences.

What shapes fashion, this season's fashion? Why, everything.

—James Brady

James Brady, formerly publisher of Harper's Bazaar *and* Women's Wear Daily, *is a novelist. His current book is* Nielsen's Children.

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Orbital Chic

by Ted Morgan

The Right Stuff
by Tom Wolfe
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 436 pp., $12.95

RICHARD ANDERSON

DOES ANYONE out there remember the New Journalism? In the Sixties and early Seventies, a bunch of writers started doing outrageous things with nonfiction to get away from "the pale beige tone" of orthodox journalism. The idea was that the reporter could write journalism that would read like a novel. He could use all the techniques of fiction, the entire literary arsenal of the great novelists—pages of dialogue, streams of consciousness, shifting points of view—but he would apply them to real people and real situations, and it would all be accurate because he had acquired a depth of information that had not before been demanded in newspaper work. He had glued himself to his subjects, sometimes for months, until he was able to reconstruct entire scenes, and write as though he knew the workings of their minds.

In 1973, the New Journalism gained the status of a movement with the publication of an anthology of the work of 23 of its practitioners with a long introduction by its editor, Tom Wolfe, the movement's generalissimo and chief theoretician ... Tom Wolfe, the Che Guevara of the New Journalism!

Wolfe was not at all shy about broadcasting the group's achievements. The New Journalism, he said, was "causing a panic, dethroning the novel as the number-one literary genre, starting the first new direction in American literature in half a century."

Well, one doesn't hear a great deal these days about the New Journalism, which seems to have joined other fads of the Sixties in the dustbin of history. One trouble with the New Journalism was that it wasn't new, as Wolfe himself acknowledged. Boswell tried it, prodding Dr. Johnson into situations he could then describe. So did Mark Twain in *Innocents Abroad*, Chekhov in *A Journey to Sakhalin*, and Orwell in *Down and Out in Paris and London*. Lytton Strachey, a "New Journalist" in *Eminent*

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Victorians, used inner monologues, and in his famous passage on the death of Queen Victoria got inside her head, with not a single critic daring to ask what he was doing there. The New Journalism was not an invention of the Sixties or a new departure of any kind; it had a long tradition and involved techniques that many good writers have been using for centuries.

Nor was there much to the claim that the New Journalism read like fiction, because most of the time it didn't, and when it did, it was the Arthur Hailey kind of fiction: "I am going to tell you more than you need to know about a movie studio." The best of the New Journalism consisted of set pieces and, with rare exceptions, did not explore character or reach a satisfying resolution. The New Journalists were at their most effective dealing with highly dramatic subjects—the Hell's Angels, mass murder, the Vietnam War—or celebrities such as Ken Kesey, Joshua Logan, and Leonard Bernstein. Chekhov once said that most people don't have extraordinary things happen to them, they go to the office and eat cabbage soup. A good short-story writer or novelist could find his material in that humdrum multitude, but the New Journalists were confined to the unusual.

. In retrospect, the New Journalism was not much more than nonfiction written by a handful of very good writers—among them novelists as different in style as Norman Mailer, Truman Capote, Joan Didion, Terry Southern, and John Gregory Dunne, as well as those two masters of overstatement, Tom Wolfe and Hunter S. Thompson. A lot of lesser writers rode their coattails, and the movement had a brief flowering.

Wolfe also claimed that he had invented a literary style. He talked about "my style," which everyone loved to parody. "Even hostile parodies admit from the start that the target has a distinct voice." But Wolfe's writing was reminiscent of that of the great French writer Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Wolfe's description of his own style was also an exact description of Céline's: "the lavish use of dots, dashes, exclamation points, italics ... and of interjections, shouts, nonsense words, onomatopoeia, mimesis, pleonasms, the continued use of the historical present, and so on." Compare a page of Wolfe with a page from *Death on the Installment Plan*, and note a certain ... kinship.

Of course Wolfe made the style his own. He naturalized it, and shaped it like the hand-tailored suits he favors so that it did not look like a hand-me-down from a distant cousin. He brought to the style a sheer verbal inventiveness, a comic zest, an ear for the American vernacular that few writers in any genre could match; and there was enough energy in his prose to light up Lincoln Center. He became, along with Hunter S. Thompson, one of the two writers of nonfiction whose style achieved instant recognition—read one paragraph and you knew whose it was.

Some of those who admired the style said that Wolfe was limited to minor subjects, to flaky crews like Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters, to cultural footnotes like the birth of radical chic. Would he ever let go of marginal events to grapple with something big, like a presidential election or the history of the great media empires? Perhaps to show that he could handle a major theme, Tom Wolfe wrote *The Right Stuff*, which is nothing less than a history of the manned space program as seen through the minds of the astronauts and other participants.

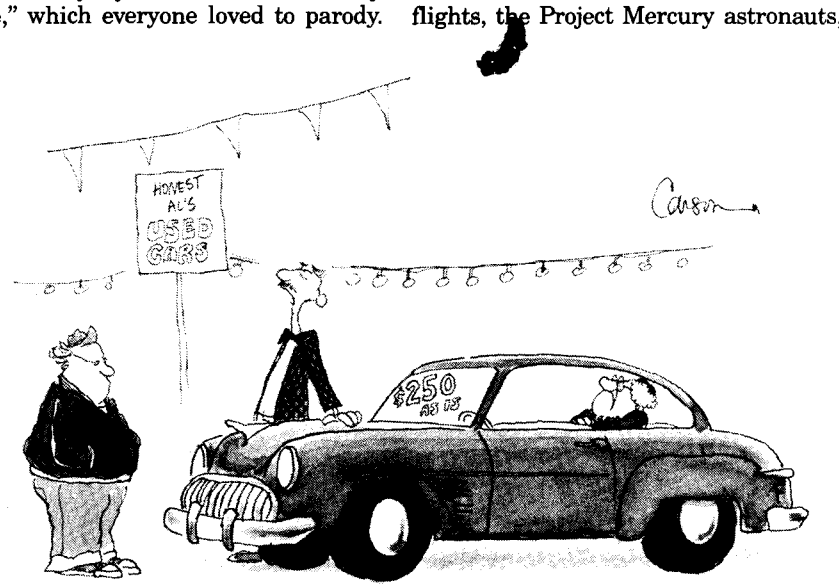
The first Americans to make orbital flights, the Project Mercury astronauts, are shown here, warts and all. As astronauts, the Original Seven found themselves at the apex of the Brotherhood of the Right Stuff, which is the mystique of all fighter pilots, who consider themselves a privileged order because they have the courage to take risks and the skills to survive:

"The right stuff was not bravery in the simple sense of being willing to risk your life. ... Any fool could do that. ... No, the idea (as *all* pilots understood) was that a man should have the ability to go up in a hurtling piece of machinery and put his hide on the line and have the moxie, the reflexes, the experience, the coolness, to pull it back at the last yawning moment."

The manned space program was developed at a time when the nation was in a phase of intense patriotism inflamed by the Cold War. The program dramatized the rivalry between the United States and the Soviet Union, the strength of the national wills. John McCormack rose in the House of Representatives to say that the United States faced "national extinction" if we did not overtake the Russians in outer space. Lyndon Johnson, in 1957, told a congressman who complained that the space program cost too much: "I, for one, don't want to go to bed by the light of a Communist moon."

In this fevered climate, the astronauts found themselves clasped to the nation's bosom as instant heroes. But NASA owned them now, and NASA was a reincarnation of the old studio system, with its stars under contract. The Original Seven were dragged to press conferences where they had to talk about their religious beliefs and their perfect home lives and otherwise portray themselves as Mr. Cleans. The public assumed that they were the greatest pilots and the bravest men precisely because of their wholesome backgrounds: small towns, Protestant values, and strong family ties. The studio stars had to be presented to their millions of fans with their teeth capped and their faces lifted. They went on publicity tours, and spent a lot of time on platforms. Any congressman up for reelection could borrow an astronaut for the day, since NASA depended on congressional appropriations.

Behind the cosmetics, as Wolfe shows, the astronauts were out getting drunk, cheating on their wives, and otherwise cutting up. Only John Glenn, the "Mr. Presbyterian" of the seven, lived up to the image. He wanted desperately to be the first American in space, but after two years of training, Alan Shepard was picked, with Glenn and Gus Grissom as backups. Glenn was stunned, although the backup spot turned out to be the best, since the first two flights were suborbital, and he was the first astronaut to make an orbital flight.



"...and this beauty was traded by a Mr. Muldoovy, who pulled a fast one on us. Mrs. Muldoovy is included in the deal."

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Throughout Project Mercury the Russians stayed ahead, but at least the astronauts had put America in the race with Shepard's flight on May 5, 1961, a month after Yuri Gagarin had taken Vostok I in orbit around the earth. Though part of the astronauts' image was that going into space was a tremendous feat of flying, in reality they were glorified flight attendants, guinea pigs who could do very little manually. After all, an ape had made the first orbital flight. In training like that of the Original Seven, the apes underwent behavior modification (electric shocks on the soles of their feet) so that they would learn to throw the right switch.

Some of Wolfe's funniest pages have to do with the training program. During a stress test, a psychologist handed Pete Conrad a blank sheet of paper and asked him to study it and tell him what he saw, "and Conrad stares at the piece of paper and then looks up at the man and says in a weary tone, as if he fears a trick: 'But it's upside down.' This so startles the man, he actually leans across the table and looks at this absolutely blank sheet of paper to see if it's true.... This was *not* the way to produce the Halo Effect." Sure enough, Conrad was dropped.

The great moment came when John Glenn made an orbital flight. The sailors on the ship that brought his capsule in painted white lines around his footsteps on the deck. He went to the White House, received a medal from the President, and addressed a special joint session of Congress, whose ranks he would one day join. In New York, a great welcome was given to the Original Seven: "Perhaps that was what New York was for, to celebrate those who *had it*, whatever it was, and there was nothing like the right stuff, for all responded to it, and all wanted to be near it and to feel the sizzle and to blink in the light."

The risk was real. Gus Grissom lost his capsule and almost drowned. Scott Carpenter failed to listen to the control center, almost ran out of fuel, and nearly missed his reentry. Sometimes the astronauts waited for hours inside the capsule before lift-off, cramped and sweating and wondering whether it was worth it. But it never occurred to any of them to resign. These were men who would much rather have died in outer space, burned to a crisp during reentry in the atmosphere, than be left out of the drama. Besides, they got what Wolfe calls the *goodies*, the most obvious of which was an exclusive contract with *Life* magazine for their story. They could afford to buy new houses in nice neighborhoods.

One day, while he was a guest aboard the presidential yacht, Glenn got into a conversation with Kennedy about the arrangement with *Life*. A soldier ran

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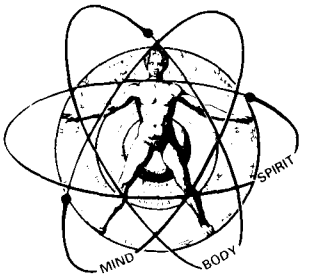

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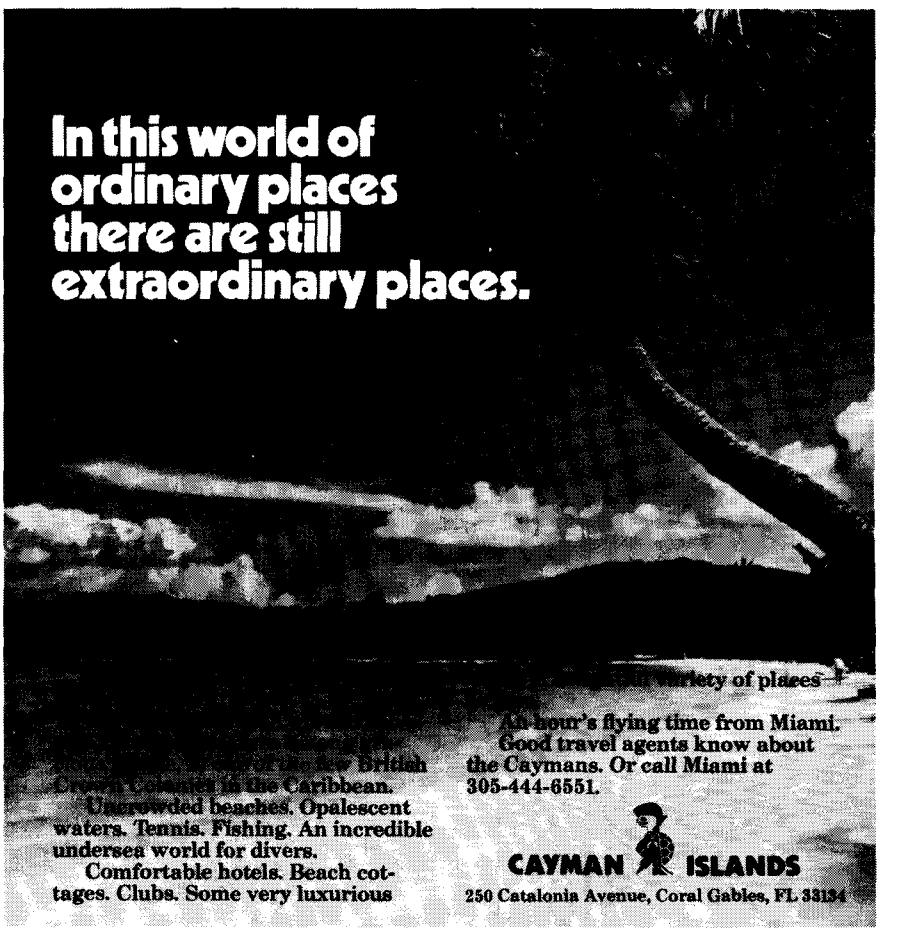
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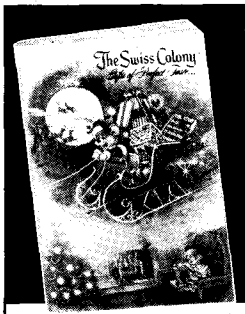

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just as great a risk in battle, Kennedy said, and did not expect compensation from *Life*. Yes, said Glenn, but suppose the press was camped on that soldier's doorstep, watching his family's every move. The *Life* contract was saved.

By 1962, the astronauts were up to six-orbit flights. As he flew over Latin America, Wally Schirra said, "Buenos dias, you all." In May 1963, Gordon Cooper made the final flight in the Mercury series, completing 22 orbits (the Russians had 48). By this time, NASA had shifted to the moon program, and the Next Nine, who included Neil Armstrong and Frank Borman, had succeeded the Original Seven.

Wolfe handles this complicated story with his usual brio. The technical and historical material slows him down a bit, but most of the time he is at full throttle.

The Right Stuff is a splendid adventure story, an updating of *The Seven Samurai*, but it is more than that. It shows our propensity to manufacture heroes, and, just as quickly, to forget them; it shows how a scientific program was exploited for political advantage; it provides a revealing character study of seven exceptional Americans; and it proves conclusively that there is laughter in outer space. ◉

Journey into Dazzling Despair

African Calliope:
A Journey to the Sudan
by Edward Hoagland
Random House, 239 pp., $10

Reviewed by Peter Forbath

EDWARD HOAGLAND is a master at evoking exotic places. Indeed, he is so good at it that he really doesn't have to do anything else. And in *African Calliope*, his second book of travel writing, he demonstrates this effectively—because he doesn't. With a fine sort of arrogance, he shuns the literary devices writers ordinarily use to engage and hold their readers' interest. He has no theory to expound, no philosophy to argue, no cause to promote, nor, for that matter, any story to tell. He doesn't bother with chronology or any other structure to order and explain his travels, not even those hoariest of all travel-writing devices, the journey or the quest. We don't know how he got to this particular exotic place or why he went. He is simply there and, because of the magical power of his descriptive prose, we are there with him, wandering about without rhyme or reason, going nowhere specific, looking for nothing especially but seeing everything with astonishing vividness, although often in bewilderingly disconnected fragments. It is an extraordinary experience and also an unnerving one, rather like finding oneself suddenly, inexplicably, on the bum in a wild and alien country.

The country is the Sudan, where Hoagland spent the winter of 1977. It is the largest country in Africa, nearly one million square miles of desert and sun-beaten savanna and papyrus swamp, inhabited sparsely, in fact dangerously so, by a dazzling mixture of desperately poor and exquisitely beautiful Arab and Nilotic peoples. It is the country where the White Nile and Blue Nile meet at the fabled city of Khartoum; where "even between important cities ... you drive not on a road but by compass for ten or twelve hours, following the wheel ruts of a previous driver"; where tribesmen hunt elephant from horseback with broad-bladed spears; where "in the same village you may meet women veiled to the eyes and women naked to the waist"; where "from sunset and all through one starry night you watch, at the well of Umm Sunta, a thousand of the nazir's camels watered"; and where you can see a young nomad go courting "with his ox beside him, so that its cheerful bellowing, along with the clanging of its bell and tossing of its tasseled horn, will serve as accompaniment to his songs."

The Arab geographers of the Middle Ages named the country Bilād-es-Sudan, Land of the Blacks, and for centuries it was one of Africa's most terrible slaving grounds. In 1820 it was conquered for the Ottoman Empire by the Egyptian *khedive*, but in 1881 a Moslem holy man from Abba Island in the Nile proclaimed himself the *mahdi*, the guided one, raised a desert army of fierce dervish warriors, and—in a five-year jihad—sacked Khartoum, beheaded Chinese Gordon, and drove out the Turks, Egyptians, and their British overlords. Thirteen years later, however, Kitchener led the British back in a still bloodier reconquest, turning the newly invented machine gun against the dervishes' spears and muskets. Although in 1956 the Sudan became the first black African country to win independence from colonial rule, it has suffered an equally sad and violent history ever since, ravaged by civil war between the Arab Muslim north and the black animist and Christian south, plagued by coups, disease, appalling poverty, and virtually nonexistent foreign currency reserves.

"Sadness pervades the journals of African travel written by Europeans," Hoagland notes. "Even in conquest, the portrait is, rather, of misery and...illnesses for all parties concerned, including the conquerors." Although this is an arguable proposition, sadness certainly does pervade Hoagland's journal. Again

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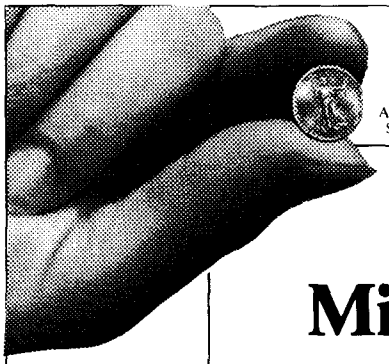

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and again, the most powerful images he evokes and the most memorable vignettes he describes are tinged with sorrow or touched by misery.

He pictures the hospital in Juba, for example: "outpatients besieging the gate for treatment, soldiers and barbed wire about, a few families of the luckier sick camped semipermanently on the lawn, yet the wards half empty, wretched lassitude pervading them." When the antiaircraft battery at Juba's airport mutinied, a pilot for a missionary group tried to run a roadblock to save his plane and was shot through the throat. "He needn't have died," Hoagland tells us, "if there had been blood at Juba's hospital. But the doctors couldn't keep blood, because of the absence of dependable refrigeration, due to a shortage of fuel for the generator."

Shortly before Hoagland arrived in the Sudan, an epidemic of a horrible virus called green monkey disease swept the villages of the Southern Region, inflamed by ceremonial washings of the corpses and by witch doctors "scarifying" people with long pins in hope of protecting them from the disease. But the chance of contamination was just as great at local dispensaries: Because of shortages, the same hypodermic needle was used on as many as 200 patients without being sterilized in between. "It is hard to convey the sense of hopeless torpor in some of these back-country towns," Hoagland writes. "Fatalism and discouragement aren't quite the words to describe the feeling of *removal* these people had....They seemed to await catastrophe."

On a trip into the desert, Hoagland watched as hundreds, perhaps thousands of sheep were watered from a small leather bucket drawn up from a hand-dug well 80 feet deep. "This has to be witnessed to be believed," he tells us. "But proud of how hard it is and how tough he is, the herdsman—with his sun-blitzed squint, torn toga and brown-black skin, and slippers to protect his feet from thorns, who has lived for as long as five months solely on camel's milk and who laughed a minute ago when, unused to cars, he slammed the door of your Land Rover on his left hand—admits by suddenly becoming noncommittal that if his life gets much harder he will not be able to go on."

On another trip, Hoagland stopped at a Sudanese army post on the border with Ethiopia where some refugees from the Eritrean rebellion were being held. "A jolt of fear went through them," he writes of their reaction when he entered the barracks. "Everyone of them went to a cot, most sidling over and quickly lying down, some on their faces, some masking their noses or covering their heads with a bed sheet....I was looking for a face that might show a willingness to talk to me—among these sorrowful, humiliated figures, stretched out, gangling, tense and motionless, as if I were a striped hyena that had got loose in the room. None was in the slightest willing, and gradually, by the time I reached the far end, I had stopped looking and was delaying my steps, closing my eyes in order to try to absorb some memory of the rancid misery."

As happens to so many travelers in Africa, the misery, the hopelessness, the inconsolable sadness that Hoagland found in his months of aimless wandering steadily ground down his enthusiasm, rubbed his nerves raw, mortally disheartened him. He confesses that on some evenings back in his Khartoum hotel, "I felt an impulse to throw myself off the balcony in front of my room....My hands shook, or would suddenly twitch as if they were trying to escape from the stumps of my arms." At last he realized that he had become "weary of the whole African calliope—that nagging, pulsing musical din that has been reverberating strongly without letup for thousands of years before you arrive and will be continuing without any respite for sickness or fatigue long after you have left the earth." And so, with as little fanfare as he began, he abruptly ends the book, leaving us with a headful of brilliant images and the job of piecing them together into our own story of our own journey to the Sudan.

Peter Forbath, author of The River Congo, *is currently writing a novel based on Henry Stanley's expedition to Equatoria Province in the southern Sudan a little less than a century before Mr. Hoagland got there.*

Books in Brief

Jailbird
by Kurt Vonnegut
Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence
288 pp., $9.95

AFTER THE embarrassingly sloppy *Slapstick*, it is a pleasure to see Kurt Vonnegut tightening up his act. He has now perfected the long, offhand, anecdotal prologue that slides imperceptibly into the beginning of the novel proper. *Jailbird* surveys the seesaw life of Walter F. Starbuck, with high focus on how this fictitious member of the Watergate conspiracy becomes a vice president of the world's largest conglomerate just two days after his release from jail.

Starbuck is one of Vonnegut's saints, a passive and pathetic old man reconciled to whatever happens, happy to contribute his share of flat, ironic conversation to his author's deadpan humor. His college girlfriend—who has become a filthy old shopping-bag lady, a political radical, a recluse millionairess, and an amnesiac—is a memorable grotesque. Since Vonnegut's politics add up to little more than sentimentality, his gibes at the Nixon administration seem unable to rise to their subject, but the description of a Watergate conspirator who "had so opened himself to the consolations of religion that he had become an imbecile" is too wicked to be missed.

Vonnegut's novels often seem written for their asides rather than their plots. Here, repeated references to the Sermon on the Mount and to Sacco and Vanzetti seem pretentious, unjustified by the novel; on the other hand, Vonnegut's alter ego Kilgore Trout (inexplicably, a different Kilgore Trout than the weary old writer in *Breakfast of Champions*) delivers some deliciously sardonic parables. In one, God in heaven insists that "life was fair" and threatens to eternally confiscate Einstein's violin if he disagrees—crisp nuts in a soft, sweet cookie.

—CHARLES NICOL

The White Album
by Joan Didion
Simon & Schuster, 223 pp., $9.95

ODD THAT THE same Joan Didion who writes those tiresome monotonic novels with their self-destructive and nasty paper-doll characters also writes these trenchant personal essays. How is it that the acute reporter's eye and ear that operate so well when she is, in her words, "selling someone out" don't seem to work outside her nonfiction? Your guess is as good as mine, and you're invited.

The White Album picks up where *Slouching Towards Bethlehem* (1968) left off. The time, to coin a Didion title, is "on the morning after the Sixties." The first essay, which is also the book's showpiece, is a pastiche summary of the disastrous and confused events that ended the decade not with a bang but a mass murder at the Hollywood home of Sharon Tate Polanski.

That's not to say that I think Didion can, or wants to, tell us "where this country is headed"—a publicity hype she works over fairly thoroughly in a travelogue of her first official book tour. Didion's just too smart to pretend to revelation.

But I happen to love California and California stories, and no one, not even Waugh or West, has ever written better about the state of mind that is California than Joan Didion. What other environment could have produced Bishop Pike, the Black Panthers, J. Paul Getty, the Manson family, *and* Nancy Reagan? Who but Joan Didion—an original California girl—knows why?

At the same time I think I would follow Didion anywhere. Hoover Dam or

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Honolulu. Inside a highway computer or to an empty governor's mansion outside Sacramento. To visit lifeguards and orchid-growers in Malibu. Content, after all, is just a function of style.

Didion has fantastic powers of concentration. She gets inside her subjects, connects with them, with herself, with the reader. *The White Album* shakes the sleepy dust from your eyes. It prepares you to go back and look again, look hard, not just at the Sixties, not just at California, but at everything in and around you.

—CAROLE COOK

Portrait of a Seductress: The World of Natalie Barney
by Jean Chalon
Crown, 243 pp., $10

JEAN CHALON'S "portrait" of his friend Natalie Barney follows by three years the publication of George Wickes's excellent biography of this expatriate woman of letters and celebrated lesbian, and is a fascinating companion to it. Before her death at 95, in 1972, Barney gave Chalon numerous unpublished letters from various friends, including the poet Renée Vivien and the Parisian courtesan and author Liane de Pougy—both of whom helped to make the young Natalie famous (and infamous) through their fictional portrayals of her—and Remy de Gourmont, whose *Letters to the Amazon*, published in 1912 and 1913, assured her a lasting place in French literary history.

Natalie Barney—beautiful, rich, ardent, arrogant, and demanding—had a great many friends, both men and women, and an astonishing number of lovers. (One, the painter Romaine Brooks, remained faithful to her for 60 years.) She apparently never failed to get what—and whom—she wanted. Chalon likes choppy, momentous sentences ("Return to Paris. Just as Natalie wanted. Once again, her wishes were accomplished"), although he occasionally lets go with flowery excess ("She suffered a thousand deaths for not being like the others"). His view of Barney is generally worshipful; the fact that he was 28 and she 86 when they met may partly account for this.

Although Natalie Barney was the author of more than a dozen books of memoirs, fiction, and poetry, she was best known for her personality and epigrammatic wit. An invitation to her Friday salon was a coveted prize in Paris for half a century. Charisma is a difficult quality to convey in a biography, and for this reason Chalon's subjective portrait is ultimately somewhat disappointing. As Janet Flanner once said, "Miss Barney is a perfect example of an enchanting person not to write about."

—KATHERINE BOUTON

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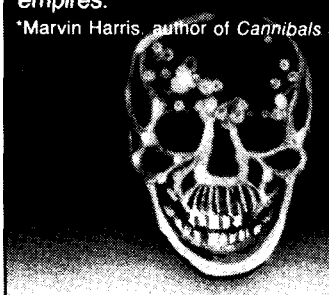
*Marvin Harris, author of *Cannibals and Kings*



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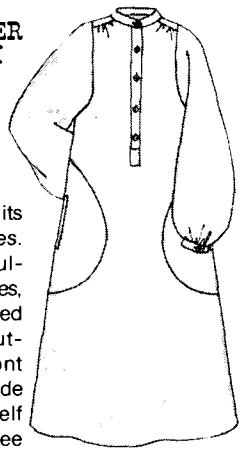

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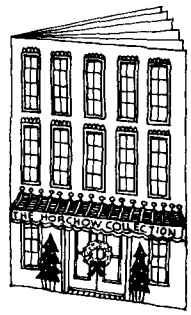

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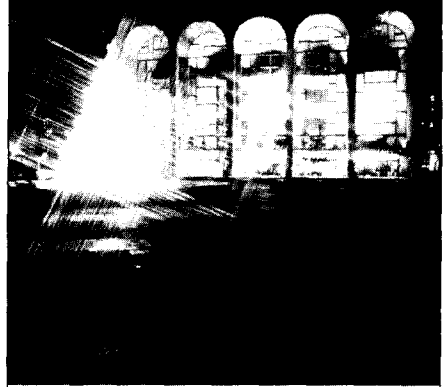

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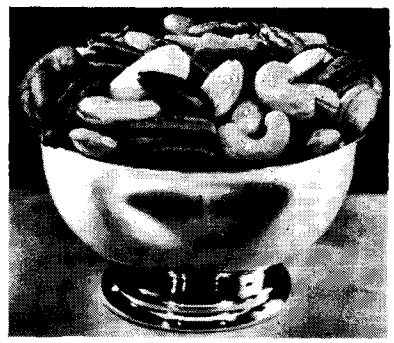

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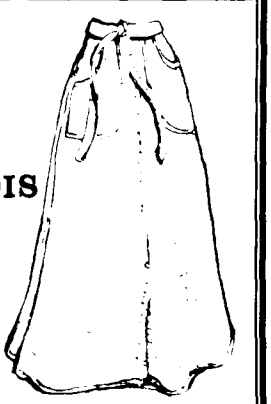

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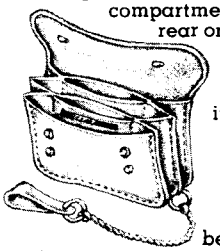

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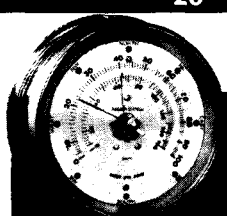

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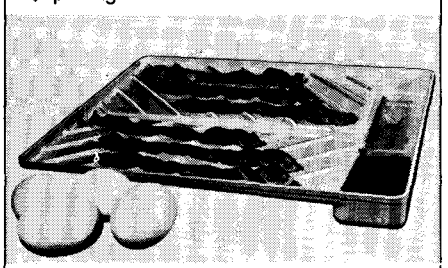

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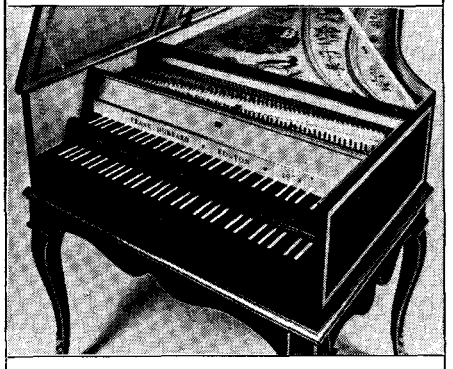

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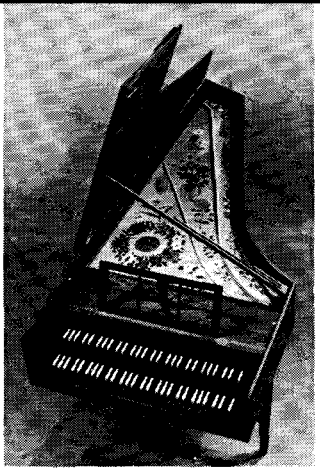

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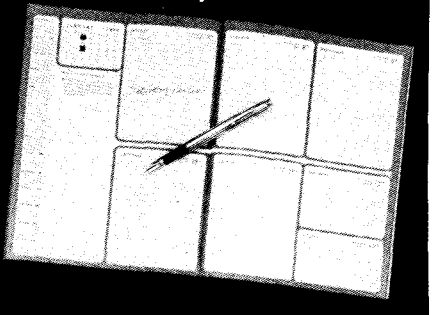

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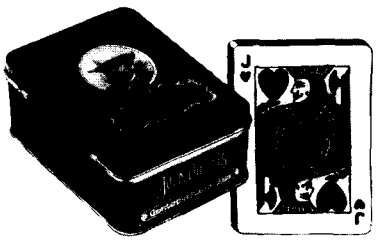

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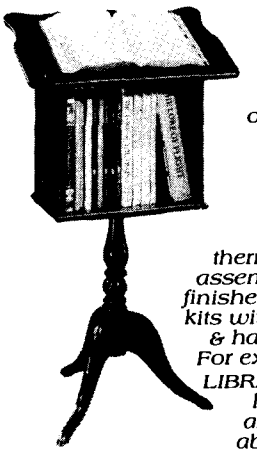

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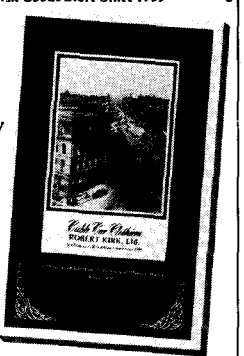

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

I'm Just Wild (and Confused) about Harry

THE SUMMER DAYS in Venice were hot, heavy, and damp. There were times when I thought that if one more German tourist set foot on the steps of Rialto Bridge all of Venice would begin to sink. This, of course, would have been a reversal of trend, for Venice is reported to be rising.

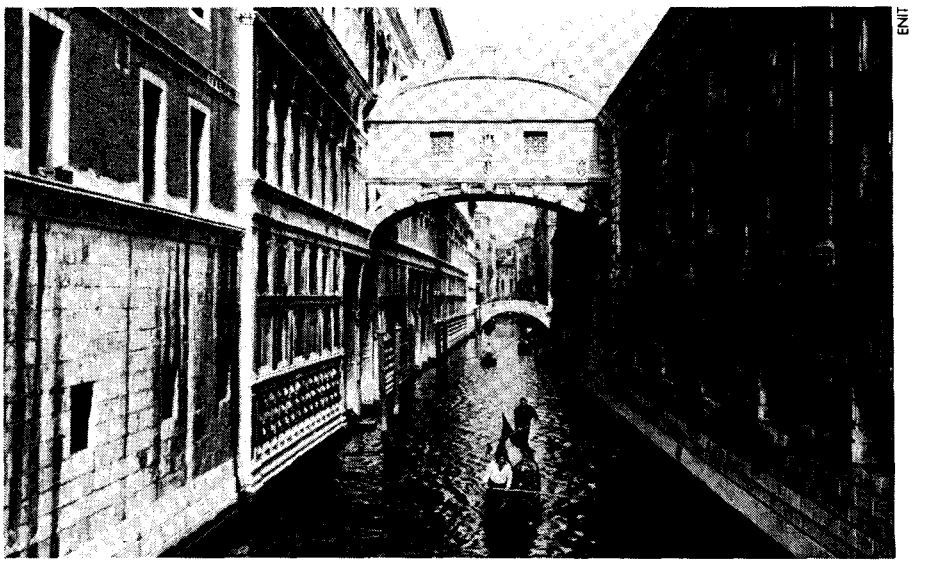
Signs were up in an assortment of languages, notably those of the two ex-Axis powers, Japan and Germany, and the voices of Franconia, Swabia, and Bavaria ricocheted off those old stones like rumbles of thunder in a summer sky.

Along the Piazzetta, in front of the Doges' Palace, and on the broad, watergirt byway of the Riva degli Schiavoni, the guides had taken to leading hordes of charges by carrying an umbrella, an instrument that served two functions. It was at once a parasol to ward off the searing wet sun of the Veneto and, at the same time, when held high, served as an escutcheon the way Japanese tour-shepherds keep their flocks together using small flags thrust aloft like flag bearers in a cavalry charge.

To make one's way over the Straw Bridge trying to cadge a look down the narrow canal to the Bridge of Sighs where the condemned were once hied off to prison, left one standing like a ten-pin in the face of the onrushing crowds. And trying to wedge under the clock tower for a shopping excursion in the narrow alleys was to submit oneself to the melee of Europe's summer tourists with their rucksacks, guidebooks, cameras, outlandish hats, and befuddled looks all mashed into this narrow ancient street.

On the other hand, I roused myself at an ungodly hour in my pad on Lido Beach one morning and using a mad succession of transport, including taxi and speedboat, appeared in mid-Venice in time for a rare morning tour of the markets. The guide of record was Fernanda Gosetti, an agreeable Milanese woman who had been appearing as the visiting star of the cooking classes held at the Gritti Palace by Julie Danenbaum, the Philadelphia gastronome, in concert with the Gritti's chef, Giovanni Caione.

We set off at a brisk pace, Danenbaum, Gosetti, interpreter, students, and assorted hangers-on, crossing this square and that and pausing only to ask directions and, once, to invade the new pasta and bread shop called Colussi's, which has been the summer talk of Venice.



Bridge of Sighs—"Parasols held high as Japanese use small flags thrust aloft."

When one begins to natter about food rather than assignations it is often taken to be a sign of age, so it might perhaps be valid to assume that Venetian society, or what I know of it, has reached the stage where alimentation seems more fascinating than *amour*. Whatever, Colussi's was doing frantic business especially in its unusual breads, some of which had been larded with olives, others with snippets of salami, and still others bright green, a bizarre trick accomplished by using spinach water in the dough.

The Adriatic yields all manner of marine life which is on wondrous display at the Venice market—white sea crickets with crossed red eyes; tiny snails called *bovoletti* in Venetian dialect, to be boiled with oil, salt, parsley, and garlic; toad fish called *rospo* which carry their own aerials; hairy crabs, baby clams, spotted lobsters with claws from Sardinia, and razor clams last seen in the American northwest.

Brilliant yellow peppers are as big as footballs. Lettuce is red. Beans are pink, and garlic is sold with foot-long stems. Peaches, like baseballs, come with velvet skin or without, and cherries are *marasche* or *amarene*—sweet or bitter.

We were back at the Gritti, sitting on the terrace for lunch with the elegant Nico Passante, the manager, reminiscing about his long-time predecessor, Raffaele Masprone. I could see Masprone still, his monocle in place, ordering bottles of *spumante* and telling of the meetings, in this elegant candy box of a hotel that had once been the private palace of a doge, between Hemingway and Sinclair Lewis who had been closeted on the second floor writing a book. They came together, finally, at the bar of the Gritti, a scene I tried to reenact with the itinerant novelist, James Brady, only to be shunted to table by overzealous flacks. Lewis signed the guest book "With great happiness," while Ernest recorded, "To our home in Venice 1948-1949."

Masprone was famous for his collection of photographs of celebrities. The only famous person who tried to thwart him was Rudyard Kipling whose wife smashed any camera in sight. Masprone enlisted the aid of a retired Italian secret service agent who got Kipling's picture, taken through the front of the photographer's shirt. Masprone lost it, along with the rest of his priceless collection of photos of celebrated guests when the Germans burned the Hotel Excelsior in Naples where he was then manager.

With those memories afloat, on this afternoon so many summers later, we dined on *porcini*, the enormous mushrooms which are grilled and sliced like steak, and then a splendid risotto, and twenty-four-hour lettuce, so called because it comes up so quickly, though not quite overnight. "No fats, no frozen foods, no sauces—the *cucina verita*," said Nico. We finished with St. Pietro, a fish that translates to John Dory, though

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I don't understand why.

To find the quiet of Venice when it can be immensely soothing one must take a gondola in the late afternoon, the slender craft slipping through the whisper-quiet of the back-street canals. Here the water laps gently at the steps as it has for centuries. Geraniums are a smear of painted lipstick in a second-story flower box. Wash flutters in the breeze like household flags. We pass the glass canopy of the Teatro La Fenice, the theater up to whose front entrance you float. There are red brickwalls along the Calle di Verona, named for the Romeo and Juliet town. Saintly figures with iron halos guard the cornices of buildings. Flitting birds, out of speed, stop on mossy rocks to rest. Pinwheels, abandoned on a window, whir in the wind.

We pass a barge with its prow painted with mermaids bearing gifts of the sea. We cross paths with other gondolas and the colloquy of the *gondolieri* bounces off the stone walls long after the black boats are out of sight of one another.

Our oarsman turned down the Grand Canal, and we pass another boat dropping its occupants at a pizzeria which is like going to McDonald's in a Maserati. A four-man racing gondola comes tearing down the waterway like a college scull, practicing for the grand regatta of summer. A plaque on a house marks the place where Goethe lived when he, too, was a tourist in Venice.

The gondola drops us, at last, where all good American tourists go: Harry's Bar. It seemed not to have changed at all. The bellinis, which are made of spumante and peach juice, are still the best in town. The bartender came over to pump my hand although five years or more had slipped by since I was last on the premises. Arrigo, son of the founder (whose name was not Harry, but Giuseppe) was on hand, giving out word that his father appears each day at the Cipriani (which is his last name), the elegant hotel he began with the Guinness family on the Giudecca just across the Grand Canal.

Arrigo, which means Harry in Italian, does work for the CIGA hotel people, especially at the Villa Cipriani which is in Asolo near Padua. The Cipriani in Venice where the CIGA people have five hotels, is owned however, by an American named James Sherwood who hopes to open train service aboard elegant old railway coaches next year between London and Venice using the style, and some of the personnel, from his Cipriani Hotel. According to Naomi Barry, writing in the *Paris Herald*, Sherwood is opening a new restaurant in London to be called Harry's Bar. I took the speedboat back to the Lido and retired to my pad at the Hotel des Bains, a CIGA hotel, to sort all that out.

—**Horace Sutton**

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Ohio Man Discovers The Secret of How to Escape The American Rat Race

7 Simple Rules Net This Working Man Without Any Money or Experience $145,000 in First Year

By John Whitehead, Special Features Writer

(Canton, OH) The secret to making a quick fortune in America has been reduced to a simple 7 step system by an entrepreneur from Canton, Ohio. It requires little or no money, a minimum of time and no elaborate plant or equipment. In fact, you can do it in your home or anywhere.

The man who did it is Ben Swarez from Canton, Ohio, the Pro Football Hall of Fame city. There are hundreds of rags to riches stories each year in America. However, his is very unique. Ben's system is geared to the working man who is living from pay to pay, no savings or assets, working an 8 hour a day job for a big company, no experience and no rich relatives.

For the secret of how he achieved his workingman's way to riches, I held the following interview with Ben.

My interview with Ben was very lengthy and detailed, and I could never come close to fitting it on this page. The most interesting part was towards the end. At the beginning of the interview Ben related how he arrrived at the 7 steps to generate net wealth. He calls these 7 steps a Net Profit Generator System, or N.P.G.S. for short. The story on how he arrived at the N.P.G.S. system is lengthy and also incredible. It was no easy task. I will try to summarize.

It all started when he was typical of a majority of Americans, working for a large corporation and being unable to make ends meet. One day the last straw came in a string of frustrations which made him decide to go into something for himself.

He started out by trying to start orthodox businesses, but soon found himself, as all starting businessmen do, heavily in debt. Then one day while exercising, of all things, he had what he calls a tremendous insight on how to make money quickly.

As he put it, "the idea rolled out of my head like a computer printout." It was the 7 step method, the N.P.G.S. system. But even that didn't come easy. The first N.P.G.S. systems failed miserably. But, Ben could see that his concept was valid and only needed to be perfected. He finally did perfect the system and his first successful system was called N.P.G.S.-4. Within a few weeks N.P.G.S.-4 netted him enough money to pay off all his back debts and have $80,000 left over for profit. It was such a glorious day that I wanted to pick up on the interview at this point.

QUESTION: That is incredible. Within a few weeks N.P.G.S.-4 netted you enough money to pay off all your back debts. You had in your hand $80,000 in cash as net profit. I can't even imagine getting that much money all at once. What was it like?

ANSWER: It's almost impossible to verbalize. My wife and I just stared at the check for a long time. We had a two day celebration with a dinner and party. It's a fantastic experience to go into work and tell them you quit. The chance to say what you truly feel to people who have had you under their thumb for 10 years is truly a pleasant release of frustration.

The first thing I did was pay off all my bills. Then I paid off my house. I took the money to the savings and loan company who held the mortgage personally to see the looks on their faces. After, we had a "burn the mortgage" party. Next I went to the showroom of the local Lincoln-Mercury dealer and laid down the cash for a brand new Mark.

My wife and I went on a shopping spree for clothes. We had been making do with old clothes for so long they had become worn out. She always had to shop for clothes with very little money. I always joked with her that "If I gave you $5,000 to spend on clothes could you do it in one day?" She used to say "I could do it in a couple hours." So that's what I did. I gave her $5,000 to go out and buy clothes.

We then took a long vacation. In New York I bought her a large diamond at Tiffany's — another thing we always dreamed about.

But, what money really does is give you precious time. Time to be with your wife and children before they grow up before you know it — and time to do things you really want to do. Another priceless thing you gain is your self respect. The words of Frank Sinatra's song "My Way" says it all.

QUESTION: This definitely could be a movie script. How did things go after that?

ANSWER: Excellent. The same year I assembled two more systems and made a total of $145,000.

QUESTION: You've been at it for 3½ years now. Were the succeeding years as good?

ANSWER: Better. Here are the results by year: The 1st year as mentioned I made $145,000; the 2nd year I made $205,000; and 3rd year $309,000. And already in the first half of this year I have made $200,000. I have audited financial statements from certified public accountants and income tax returns to verify this to any agency or investigator of any kind who wishes to challenge me on this.

QUESTION: That's quite a system. I understand you have put how to do the system into a book. What can you tell me about this book?

ANSWER: It's called **"7 Steps to Freedom, How to Escape the American Rat Race".** It contains the complete step-by-step details on how to assemble an N.P.G.S. system which I finally reduced to just 7 simple steps. Here are some highlights of the system:

- The system requires a minimum of time and money to start.
- You don't need special experience or skills to do it, and it's not a salesman's job.
- You don't need to buy or rent buildings, buy or rent equipment and you don't have to hire people.
- You can do it anywhere — in your house, while you travel or a favorite vacation spot or retreat.
- With the system you can earn $10,000 to $500,000 in a matter of months and even within two days depending on which system you assemble.
- The money you make is all earned income which is subject to one of the lowest tax bites.

QUESTION: Did you say you can make big money within days?

ANSWER: No, that's an understatement. You can actually do it within hours in some cases. You can compile a system in an afternoon one day and start having spendable money in your hands produced by the system the very next morning!

QUESTION: How much money do you average on a system?

ANSWER: I'd say the average is $200,000. That's the type I usually stick to. I'll tell you this, doing a system to make $10,000 to $20,000 is literally duck soup. I have these available all the time but don't even use them.

QUESTION: You said you need no special talent or experience. Who all can do it?

ANSWER: You only need to follow directions. All you need is common sense, a sense of pride in your work and the ability to see a job through to completion. This system is also perfect for people who are confined at home, such as housewives.

QUESTION: O.K. So, why do you want to reveal your system to other people when it's obvious you're making loads of money with it?

ANSWER: Everyone likes to brag when they accomplish something; and, I'm no different.

Says You Can Do It Anywhere. He Does It While Traveling In His Motor Home

Swarez does his system in his motor home while his wife, Nancy, drives and his two daughters, Sharon and Michele, play and sight-see. That's the family's pet shetland sheepdog on a favorite perch.

Second, I am in the position now to completely retire. I have put all my money into a diversified portfolio of blue chip investments that no one can touch, including myself. So, I'm protected from losing my money myself or someone taking it away from me.

Also, I think I can keep everyone from knowing my secret by only making the book available on a limited, controlled basis. The book is not in book stores.

QUESTION: I shudder to ask, how much does a book cost?

ANSWER: If it was priced at what it's worth, few people could afford it. There's at least a million dollars' worth of knowledge in this book. I'm not exaggerating when I say I don't know of any other book in which a person stands to gain and benefit so much. But, I will make it a very reasonable price of $20.00. This book is being distributed for me under my control by Quality Consumer.

A most interesting interview and I would have to call this the book of the century. For those who want a copy of the book from this present press run, the following information is provided:

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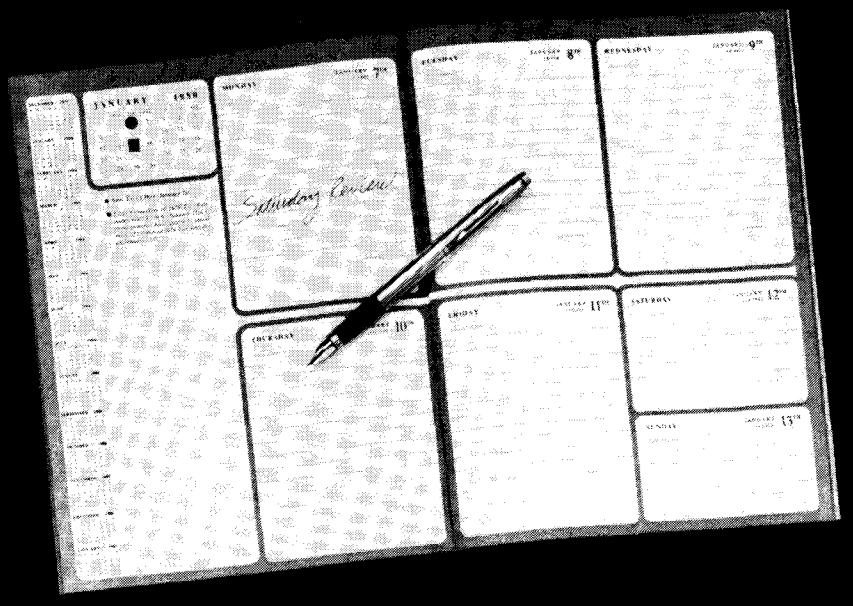

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9/15

PUZZLES

Literary Crypt No. 138

... X PI ZIQ OXEN ANSQJBNU IB L AXQQAN SYLBXQT; FYNZ X OXEN X OXEN VTUNAC.

FLAQ FYXQVLZ

Wit Twister No. 150

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The _____
which he labors on by night
Sets forth and
_____
the country's plight:
While yet his land, strife-torn, binds up its sores,
Its leaders, flouting
_____,
risk new wars.

A.S.

Answers next issue

SEPTEMBER 1 ANSWERS

Literary Crypt No. 137

One half of the world cannot understand the pleasures of the other.

Jane Austen

Wit Twister No. 149

verbose, observe, obverse

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 178

(THOR) HEYERDAHL: EARLY MAN AND THE OCEAN

Although the church in the fifteenth century still tried to preserve the concept of a flat earth, its spherical form had been recognized since the time of the early Greek astronomers, who had come amazingly close to an exact calculation of the earth's circumference.

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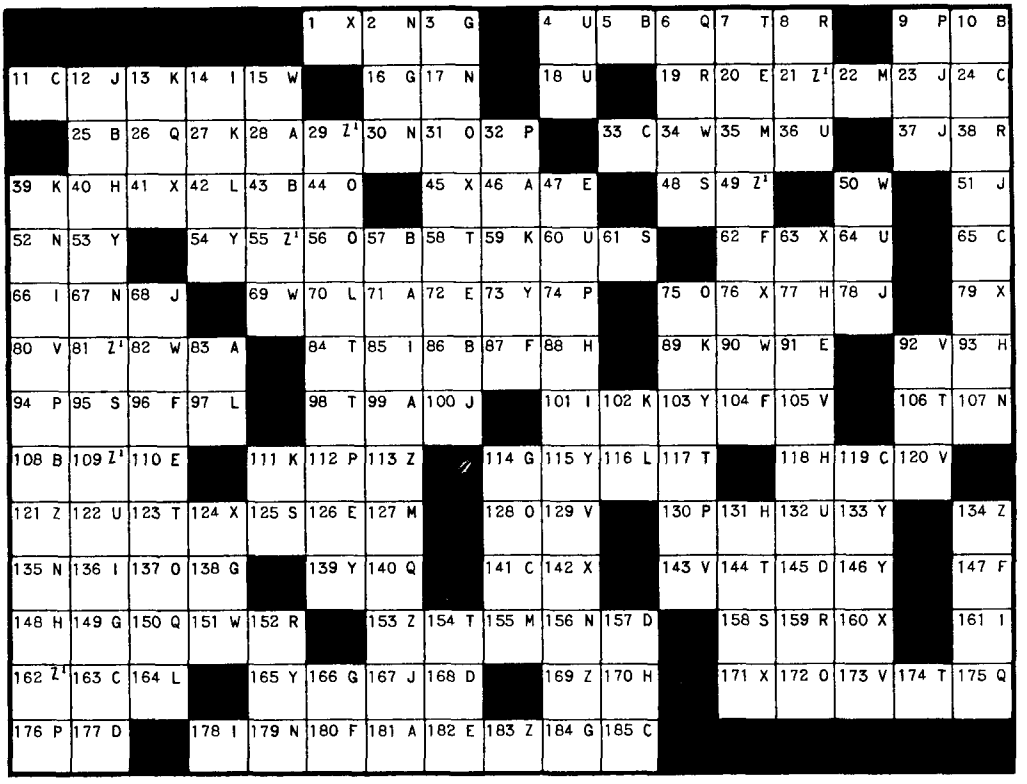
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 179

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Answer to Double-Crostic No. 178 appears on page 54.

CLUES — WORDS

A. "Monkey trial" lawyer — 28 46 71 83 99 181

B. Large variety of sweet cherry — 5 10 25 43 57 86 108

C. Town in north Israel — 141 163 185 11 24 33 65 119

D. Destitution — 145 157 168 177

E. *Strict, uncompromising* — 182 20 47 72 91 110 126

F. Twist suddenly and forcibly — 62 87 96 104 147 180

G. Produce an effect — 16 114 138 149 166 184 3

H. Ancient city on Chalcidice Peninsula, Greece — 40 77 88 93 118 131 148 170

I. Casual shoes — 14 66 85 101 136 161 178

J. Foolish humbug; empty compliment — 51 78 100 167 12 23 37 68

K. *Want of transparency or translucency* — 102 13 27 39 59 89 111

L. Ghastly pale; garishly red — 164 70 97 116 42

M. American composer (1885–1945; *Sunny, Roberta*) — 22 35 127 155

N. "While the ___ sings on the orchard bough" (Browning, "Home-thoughts, From Abroad") — 156 2 52 107 17 30 67 179 135

O. European thrush, *Turdus musicus* — 137 172 44 75 128 31 56

P. *Son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra* — 112 176 9 74 130 32 94

Q. Gaze fixedly — 140 150 175 6 26

R. Locations — 152 159 8 38 19

S. Kennedy Supreme Court *appointee* — 95 158 48 125 61

T. Shelley sonnet — 144 58 98 84 106 174 117 154 123 7

U. *Fugitive* — 36 122 60 132 4 18 64

V. Most expensive — 105 80 92 173 120 129 143

W. Carry through — 50 69 90 151 82 34 15

X. Storm trooper (2 wds.) — 171 124 142 45 79 160 63 76 41 1

Y. Harmony, concert — 103 53 115 165 73 54 139 133 146

Z. Shrimp; small-fry — 153 121 113 169 183 134

Z¹. Territory enclosed within foreign territory — 162 49 21 29 55 81 109

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Self Defense

TO BE MOMENTARILY expecting one's first child, as my wife and I are at this writing, is a wondrous condition. No matter how grim the news of dollar doldrums, energy crises, cabinet shuffles; no matter how much suffering is being borne by boat people, Nicaraguans, Lebanese; no matter how dire the visions of Armageddon being conjured up at the ratification hearings for the SALT treaty—the world from the vantage point of the parent-to-be seems luminous with promise. *A priori*, every child is a saviour. Nothing for him (or her) is impossible. All the pitfalls a parent failed to avoid might be circumvented by this charmed voyager-to-be.

What do I wish for our child? Three centuries ago, the practical Bishop Corbet wished his son, in addition to health, wit, and prosperity,

Friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but support;
To keep thee, not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.

In 1923, Yeats, anticipating a frenzied and rootless future, prayed that his own daughter would find rootedness in her own being, that she would learn that her soul

Is self-delighting,
Self-appeasing, self-affrighting
And that its own sweet will is Heaven's will;
She can, though every face should scowl
And every windy quarter howl
Or every bellows burst, be happy still.

Such armor, psychological and political, is useful. But a child in this era requires more. The world into which our child will be born is different in important respects from the worlds of Yeats and Corbet. When their children were born, knowledge was conveyed through the printed word. The reader was obliged to bring his mind to the ideas to make them his own and to accommodate them to his other thoughts and opinions.

Today, it is the visual rather than the print media that most influence our opinions and attitudes. Americans, on the average, spend more hours watching television than doing anything else, excluding sleeping. Despite gallant efforts to wean the populace from the tube, Americans are spending more time than ever in its clutches.

Now, one can learn a great deal from television, but not how to think. Thinking requires dissecting an idea, like a laboratory frog, into its component parts, to determine how, or if, they fit together. Thinking requires the detection and tackling of hidden assumptions. Thinking requires that evidence be at hand, available for reference, not ephemeral, like a moving picture. Thinking takes time, and quiet, and patience, and assiduity. Most important, thinking requires articulateness.

One cannot refine a thought unless one has the words to express it precisely. An idea may be sensed, but it cannot be tested except in words. Unless one has explored a politician's reasoning, one will not know if his rhetoric is sincere or specious. Until one has laid the appeals of salesmen under the cool beam of reason, until one has extracted the claim from the jingle, one can't know what to believe. One cannot evaluate intellectual propositions emotionally; one cannot *feel* the correct answer. One must think—in words. And, unless one thinks, one will never have an idea of one's own; one will be, perhaps unknowingly, a puppet on somebody's string.

The world our child will face is one where his independence will be threatened by vast forces devising ways to employ the media to overwhelm his reason, to persuade him that judgments can be made by the "gut," "the seat-of-the-pants," "the heart," rather than the brain. His will be a country where, increasingly, the package sells the product, where judgment is so fickle that 15 percent of the population can change its opinion of the president overnight on the basis of an adroit speech, then reverse its opinion on the basis of the next day's developments. It is an unstable world in which ideas seem to be measured by the applause-o-meter, like candidates on *Queen for a Day*, rather than on how they speak to the issues.

Many of the qualities I wish for our child, as he faces this complex world, are familiar: humility, curiosity, enthusiasm, tolerance. I wish, in this age of zanily multiplying options, that he may choose his battles with care and not squander time and talents on too many causes and projects. On the other hand, I wish that he not be stubbornly Sisyphean in his devotion to tasks undertaken, but discover by trial which challenges engage him. Selfishly, I wish him health, talent, looks, and success, and that he love his parents, even after time has opened his eyes to their failings.

I wish him, in short, everything—all the good I can imagine and all that I can't. But most fervently, I wish him the ability to express his thoughts.

To maintain his head in the swirl, to avoid being knocked down or swept up by the tides of public opinion, he will need to think, and to think he must be articulate. Not eloquent, necessarily, or stylish with a pen; indeed, such gifts may detract from his ability to think clearly, encouraging him to mistake good sound for good sense. I wish him simply not to be a slave to the persuasive forces that will assault him, to be independent in his judgment and attitudes, and, to achieve this, he must be able to formulate and defend his thoughts.

Montaigne wrote: "I hear some making excuses for not being able to express themselves, and pretending to have their heads full of many things, but to be unable to express them for lack of eloquence. This is all a bluff. For my part I hold, and Socrates makes it a rule, that whoever has a clear and vivid idea in his mind will express it."

—Carll Tucker

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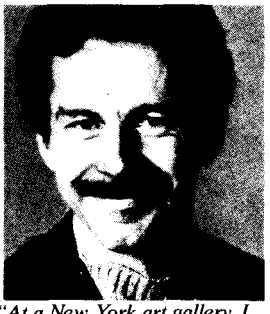
—G. Knight, Redwood City, CA

"I've learned to savor life's contrasts—setbacks with success, the bitter with the sweet. That's why I drink my Campari with orange juice."
—S. Wolff, Baltimore, MD

"Whenever my man asks for something different, I give him Campari in bed."
—M. Zapoleon, San Francisco, CA

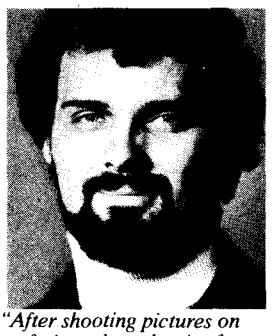
"The first time I tried Campari and Tonic, it was the beginning of a tasteful relationship."
—N. Bovino, Manteca, CA

"I used to order what everyone else did. But that was before I found myself—and Campari."
—C. Ledbetter, Dunedin, FL



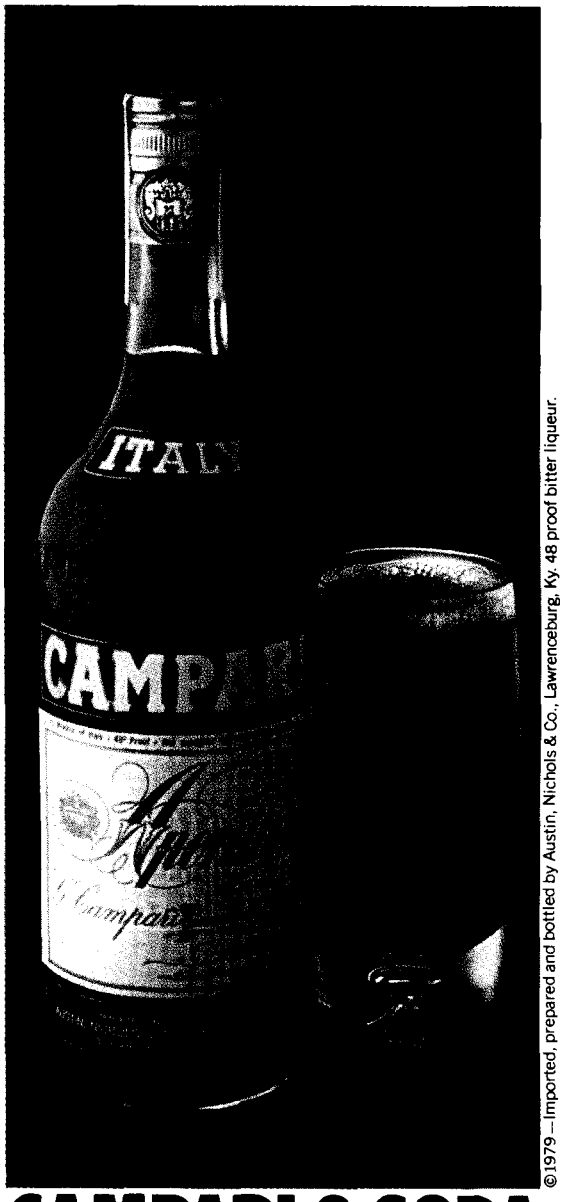
"At a New York art gallery, I was served Campari while contemplating a purchase. I decided to buy two bottles."
—K. Wall, Los Angeles, CA

"One night, I had to try it twice to like it, and now I like it twice a night!"
—O. Rosenstadt, Bethesda, MD



"After shooting pictures on safari, my best shot is of Campari."
—J. Jividen, Stow, OH

"When I order a Campari, it doesn't just say what I like to drink—it tells the world how I like to live."
—H. Millam, St. Louis, MO



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